



# SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Things in General.

PEOPLE without responsibilities are always the most violent critics, as those who have never felt temptation coupled with opportunity are invariably most noisily virtuous. This is being proven true by the great commotion the Conservative press is trying to raise over the appointment of a considerable number of the members of the eighth Parliament of Canada to offices of emolument and trust. The Opposition have no opportunities, therefore they are without responsibilities, and cannot be petitioned into yielding because they have nothing to give. When the Liberal party was in opposition they occupied to a great extent the same attitude. When the Liberals were in power under Hon. Alexander Mackenzie the Conservatives succeeded in bullying the Administration into an attitude offensive to the party which elected the Administration. It is not surprising that the Laurier Government refuses to be browbeaten into denying their capable friends such offices as are within their gift, for no one suspects for a moment that the policy of appointing leading men of the dominant party, even if they have seats in the House, would not be immediately resumed if the Conservatives were to return to power. The fact that some four hundred offices would have been filled by the defunct Administration after the Tupper Government was rejected by the people, had not the scheme been defeated by Lord Aberdeen, proves that the appetite for the good things of politics was not destroyed by the reversal of the 23rd of June, 1896.

That one party follows a certain policy does not prove that the opposite party should do the same when in power, but when all history reiterates the same tendency of governments the Liberals would be foolish in not filling the leading offices and the Senate with their own trusted friends when opportunity offers. While the Senate exists as at present constituted it will always be a party machine, and the Liberals should put some of their best and most influential men into that body in order to dominate it as far as possible while they have the chance.

Lieutenant-Governorships have always been given to men who have worked hard and long in party politics, and seats on the Bench have nearly always been filled, when well filled, by men who have had ability, prominence, common sense and adaptability to make good Cabinet Ministers. The Bench and the people are to be congratulated that the country has found such a man in Justice Lister. He was a sturdy fighter when in the political arena, ready, sensible, and with a constitution able to carry him through an enormous amount of hard work. That he is conversant with the wishes of the people, the intentions of the laws which it will be his business to interpret, and is possessed of indomitable perseverance and incorruptible honesty, indicates that no better man could have been found for the position. That he was affectionately known as "Jim" Lister is not to his disadvantage, for he has the heart of a man and has known what it is to be loved by the people. Surely we do not desire or expect to have all the elements of gentle humanity eliminated from our strong men before they are permitted to wear the robes of a justice. Many years ago I knew a lawyer and Member of Parliament in London who was affectionately known by his constituents as "Bill" Meredith; now he is known as Chief Justice Sir William Meredith; and that for many years he had such a place in the hearts of the people that no one could defeat him, would not lead anyone of the slightest tact to ever address him by the title which has not even yet been forgotten. Nor is it within the province of anyone to say that Justice Lister will make the worse judge of the two. I have known both almost intimately for nearly twenty years, have admired them as distinctive men from the part of Ontario in which I was born, and I believe I but express the sentiments of that great countryside in endorsing that which has been so widely said, that public life lost two strong men when these gentlemen left politics for the judiciary.

TALKING about nicknames, it is very seldom a boy escapes one, and the more popular the lad becomes the tighter the nickname, if not an offensive one, sticks to him. Boys are good judges of one another, and as it is said the boy is father of the man, the estimation in which boys hold their comrades is very apt to be the grade given the man by his associates. Take the two Blakes, for instance; there was a time when one was called "Ed" and the other "Sam," but as they grew in stature one became Hon. Edward Blake and as such he has remained, while the other has passed through the office of Vice-Chancellor and is still "Sam." Who ever heard anybody speak of Mr. Samuel Blake? The very mention of such a name would make people laugh. It is hard to find the difference in the two men, yet the difference is there. Hon. Edward Blake is cold, exhaustive, and so sternly dignified that no one can approach him, while his brother, impulsive, ardent, and given to saying the most dreadfully impolitic things when he is making a speech, it is said is the easiest possible prey for a beggar or anyone who wants anything. If what is said of them be true, Hon. Edward would be apt to give a mendicant a stony and overpowering stare, while "Sam" Blake, with all his bitterness in public speech, would be very likely to take off his overcoat and hand it to the shivering one, or empty his pocket into a hand which perhaps never did an honest day's work. Perhaps no better types could be given of men to whom nicknames cling, though all through our lives, if we take the pains to look back, we would see rare instances of men who escaped nicknames or men who did not live up to them. One thing must be remembered, however, that the ordinary abbreviation of a name is not a sign of disrespect or indicative of any possibility of undue familiarity. "Ned" Clarke is a man the people of this city have always been delighted to honor, yet to-day those who knew him when he was beginning his public career either call him "Ned" or cheerfully use his initials, "E. F." There seem to be three grades in the lives of men who grow from boyish popularity into what we esteem in this country greatness, well illustrated in the case of Chief Justice Meredith, "Bill," "W. R.," "Sir William." First comes the nickname, next the initials, then finally the title. The higher the man towers above the people who like him, the more they delight in using his nickname. When the use of the nickname becomes rather derogatory of the public favorite, initials replace it, and when some other title finally caps, marking the climax it is, the majority of people at least nearly always correct themselves if they fall into any of the old phrases.

Take another example typical of popularity in military life. Who does not know General Roberts as "Bobs"? If General Wolseley were to retire, the British public would be outraged if "Bobs" did not get the place, for it was Tommy Atkins who gave him the nickname, and he gave him the name because he loved him and trusted him and was willing to follow him to the end of the earth. Nearly all the great commanders have had nicknames, and the great admirals have been equally well provided; and so far as being objectionable to the men themselves or to the people they serve, complaint has never been made.

TO return to the conduct of the Liberal Administration in regard to forgetting their criticisms made when in opposition on the appointment to profitable offices of Members of Parliament, it may be said that it proves nothing except that the Liberals were too pretentious when in opposition rather than that they are too practical when in power. It may be noticed that the present Opposition when criticizing the Government on such matters as the appointment

of Members of Parliament to offices, do not base their objections on principle, but upon the professions made by the Liberals when they sat on the benches to the left of the Speaker. They are making no promises of future reform should they come into power again, and the Government should extort a pledge from them that there shall be no repetition of past offences if the present practice is abandoned. It is unlikely they would make any such promise, and still less probable that they would keep it. However, if no statute be enacted by the consent of both parties, or no inviolable rule laid down, the Liberals are quite justifiable in following out their present programme. It is better at once to accept practical politics as the basis of conduct than to continue to defend an impracticable theory. In Great Britain it is not considered improper or corrupt to appoint members of the Commons to lucra live offices, and as the practice is certain to prevail in this country, blunt and unapologetic acceptance of the affair is the easiest way out of it.

would fall to those who are so utterly self-seeking as to be unfit for the places which they might be able to obtain.

Considering the question as a whole, it must be found that a government can be no better than the people who created it, that it is unsafe for an opposition to make promises which its own followers will not permit it to fulfill, and that it is a farce for an opposition to criticize a government for doing what they had unblushingly done and would again unblushingly do.

NOTHING proves so conclusively that we are all nothing but veneered savages as the delight with which one shakes off the shackles of civilization and goes fishing. There is nothing particularly intellectual about fishing. The most successful fisherman is generally found to be a man or boy who can neither read nor write with any reasonable degree of accuracy. When the city man prepares for piscatorial adventures, his first aim is to obtain the assistance of a punter who knows the

becomes almost unendurable. When one feels these spells of unendurable restraint coming on, the first impulse is to go hunting or fishing; to quit the maddening crowd; to bathe in running waters; to say and do things which are forbidden at home; to inhale the odor of the trees and the rivers, and to kill something. Education, however, is stronger than nature, and a very little roughing it is ordinarily satisfactory to the man who has escaped from civilization, and indigestion and weariness remind him that things are easier at home. After these symptoms that a rough life is not all that it is cracked up to be, if he stays long enough in the woods or on the waters education and habit begin to lose their power over him and thoughts of going home are repellent. In a year the thought of sleeping in a bed becomes distasteful; in two years the use of a knife and fork seems like affectation; in ten years, unless a man's nature is exceedingly strong or his ambition clearly defined, the woods and the waters, the rough food and the freedom from care, land him back into a condition of savagery from which he scarcely ever escapes except he gets sick, or has such a horrible run of luck that anything is better than starvation, cold, wet, and semi-nakedness.

I have seen a great many examples of men who have fled from civilization because it was too hard to be good always or to even appear good occasionally. The higher the position occupied the more swiftly does the descent of Avernus land the dissatisfied Christian—so called—into the bosom of what, when seen at a distance, we call savagery. No man can learn in a few months or a few years to ruthlessly sacrifice the lives of his fellow men, and all through a rough-and-ready life the restraining impulses of a different education manifest themselves, but it is astounding to see how infrequently the Christian returning to barbarism manifests any signs of anything but the human instinct, and that seems to be the savage instinct.

THIS has been the week of school examinations, and while I am not in favor of any stuffing process by which children are made to seem knowing, I believe too much is said against the overwork of school children. While the shoot cannot become a tree in a day, the untimpered winds which shake the tree must to some extent nip the shoot. We may as well divest ourselves of the idea of shielding the child from all the shocks and chills of the world until maturity enables the strengthened constitution to bear them. The constitution, mental, physical and moral, is never strengthened without having been subjected to a great many trials. If we protect the little shoot with our arms and our overcoats and coax it with our smiles and water it with our tears, it will never stand the wind, the frost and the snow. The Indian never thinks of bringing up his papoose in a hot-house or shielding him from the hardships which as a man he must endure. We may be taxing the brains of our children too heavily, but the pressure on them later on will be very great, and if they cannot stand the strain it is perhaps better to go according to the doctrine of the survival of the fittest and let them die young. However, as to children dying young from overstudy, I have never known a well authenticated instance. Foolish parents, too eager for their children's progress, may force them into toil around the house and to application to their studies afterwards, thus leaving them without any time for play, or any mental freshness, but I am doubtful if the youngsters of this city are seriously suffering from overstudy. It is quite true that many children die, and that some are never better than "runts," and that those bright in their childhood are dull later on. Who knows all about these things, that he or she may say that the ugly baby shall not be a pretty girl or the stubby boy may not be a big man? Tell us, ye over-wise, why red hair grows on one head and black hair on another; why one child is smart and another dull; why one child is smart in youth and dull in age, and another one dull in youth and clever later on. Why do bow-legs come straight and knock-knees find their place? Why do children who turn in their toes learn to turn them out later on, and why do lips which cannot keep from drooping become firm and strong in later years? Why do children that are known to their neighbors as "brats," finally become polite and prepossessing, while the gently nourished and carefully bred become the laughing-stock of the town? If we let the old bachelors and the old maids, and the wedded but childless, tell us all about children, we would hear many strange things which the experience of every father and mother would contradict. There is too much rubbish talked by people who know nothing of education, the methods employed, the work done, and the injury to childish minds by over-application. Almost invariably the child mind which applies itself to study to such an extent as to injure its constitution, belongs to a nervous and ill-balanced physique. If the child did not overstudy itself it would overdo itself in some other direction. You never see a great, big, fat, lusty boy study himself to death; his digestion is too good to tolerate any mental overwork. The world seems good enough to him without getting a large percentage of marks at school, and he can pound his companions, outrun them, beat them at ball games, and ransack his mother's cupboard with such impunity that the world of arts and letters amounts to but little and a distinguished position cuts no figure in his calculations. His mother may send him to bed and steal his clothes, but he will come out of his bedroom the next morning the same rambunctious youth that entered it for punishment the day before.

The Public school must have a standard, and that standard must be the possibility of the ordinary boy or girl who is working in a few years to obtain an education with which to do the best for himself or herself. Those who fail to live up to this standard are not whipped or sent to jail. The parents can say, "Never mind your home studies; do the best you can at school and have the best time you can out of school." I do not deny that this is a proper way to take it in many instances where the mentality or physical conditions of the child are unequal to the strain.

Surely the capacity of the dull, the indolent, the indulged, is not to be made the standard of the Public school. The home work can be left undone, though the report may be bad—viewed from the standard which has very properly been established. The youngster may play on the streets and in the end attain as much as those attentive students who work early and late. Let us admit all these things, and take another phase of the question which may very well be placed opposite the one which has just been discussed. There are many parents who believe that the best thing they can do for their children is to let them lie abed late in the morning, and these same parents almost invariably permit their children to sit up late at night. This discipline seems to me a bad one, yet children who have been so indulged sometimes achieve greatness, though very seldom. The result as a rule is a sort of smartness which comes from lingering amongst their elders, and a premature knowledge of the world, which is the worst thing that a boy or girl could possess. Visit homes, if you will, where the youngster has the whole control of the house, and you will find it difficult and unpleasant, and your next visit will be delayed as long as possible if when last you saw the family the baby shrieked in the drawing-room, the youngsters spilled their milk over your knees in the dining-room, and a cub of a boy stumbled over you in the billiard-room. You will refuse the next invitation, yet this is "giving childhood a chance."

The Public school system does not prevent parents from doing



AN EASY GUESS.

No matter how a practice may be defended on general principles, it is certain to be abused. When the seventh Parliament was in the throes of death the majority of the supporters of the Administration were opposed to a bill which was a glaring offence to the Canadian people, as was proven by the elections which followed dissolution. That the majority was held together by corrupt and improper promises of office was demonstrated by the enormous list of appointments put in by Sir Charles Tupper, Bart., after the Government was defeated. Such an indefensible use of patronage is, of course, a crime against the liberties of the country. The present Administration has an overwhelming majority and it did not need—and no intelligent observer will consider that it purchased the support of such men as have been appointed to office—to use patronage to maintain its position. No hard and fast rule, therefore, can be set down; the Administration must be judged by its acts as compared with its necessities. The Tupper Administration was forced to use promises of preferment to hold its followers together; the Laurier Administration was not; and it is not difficult to believe that in the one case the practice was corruptly continued, and in the more recent instances was decently followed.

If a man is to be debared from civil preferment by being a Member of Parliament, it can be easily understood that our best men will avoid the ostracism from high places which they must endure by serving the public at their personal loss for many years, and thus public life would degenerate and high positions

waters, the fishing-grounds and the weather. He places himself almost absolutely under the command of this peculiar individual, and if there is a big catch he credits his own skill, and if there is a bad catch he blames it on the boatman, the weather or the water. The genuine impulse of the fisherman is in the first place a desire to kill fish, and in the second instance to have other people know that he did it. Unlike the Indian, he cannot wear around his neck the claws of the beast he has killed nor go through his town parading his fish with a tom-tom band at the head of the procession; nevertheless, he revels in the acclaim of the populace, who manifest their knowledge of his exploits by congratulating him upon his success.

The actual pleasure of torturing a fish while getting him out of the water is considerable, and no refined sportsman omits this feature by yanking his prey directly into the boat. The frantic efforts of the fish to escape, fill the heart of the true sportsman with delight. The beauty of nature, the ripple of the water, the shadows which are often so beautifully reflected, constitute a halo about the act of killing fish something akin to the performances of the heathens when sacrificing a human being. That one can shout and laugh, and eat without a knife and fork, and go unshaved and be unadorned by a collar, adds inexpressible joy to a fishing trip. Beneath all these minor features forever lies the impulse of the barbarian to do as one likes without regard to others and without a great deal of respect for oneself. The world wears sharply on every active nature, until the necessity of being polite and conventional



as they please with their children. The youngsters can go to school and learn, or they may stay at home and be indolent, or they may mix the two. They can bring their work home with them and have it done in a few minutes with a moment's parental attention, or they can bring it home and stow it over for hours and lose all their play time; or they may ignore it altogether, and still they will remain on the roll and gain such scraps of information as every child must obtain who is in contact with the educational processes of others.

For my own part, I am utterly sick of the discussion of educational problems by those who know nothing of education. Parents insist on study sometimes when children are unable to study; that is the fault of the parents. They say that children who are left behind in the race are laughed at; it is their super-sensitiveness which complains in such an instance. Children must occasionally be laughed at. Their clothes must occasionally be criticized. The vulgar and the purse-proud teach their children to do these things; it is one of the fool things that came from the possession of newly acquired and perhaps temporary wealth. These things, however, do not apply to the great mass of childhood which is being educated everywhere. And if it be the case in school it will be the case out of school. The fool that jeers to-day while in pantaloons will jeer in a few years when he is arrayed in men's clothing but still has the bray of the ass. There will never be a time when the boy or girl will not be twitted with being slow; reprimanded because he or she is too fast; "called down" for being too smart, or abused for being too dull. We cannot make the Public schools, nor should we try to make the Public schools anything but a reflex of the life which is to follow after school days are over. We cannot shield the child from everything, much as we desire to do so, and the cry goes up from the hearts of tens of thousands of parents, with a bitterness which does not apply to school regulations, that life is hard. We cannot, and should not try to, shield the boy or girl from the world that they have to live in and through which they must make their way. Parents who really care for their offspring would with their lives shield the youngsters from the cruel things of life, but it is impossible. It is impossible in childhood; it is impossible in youth; and it is the desire of all, impossible as it is, to make old age free from the "slings of outrageous fortune." School is miniature life; let it be made the index of the life that we must all follow. Let the trials come and the sorrows come in miniature form, and the youngsters will then be fairly prepared for the greater catastrophes, the harder struggles, and the supreme disappointments of life. So let them also be prepared by diligence, attention to details, promptness in coming and leaving, to know that the world will make no excuse for delinquencies, will have no patience with the tardy, will not promote those who do not excel.

Summarized, the whole thing means that the school curriculum is made for the average mind. There are many bright children who might go faster than our school system permits; there are many dull ones who cannot go so fast; but who will claim that the system should be arranged for the dull and the bright ones discouraged? What our school system is supposed to do is to make the best out of the best material. If the best material is separated from the poorest material by examinations, let the separation be made early and the choice of avocation be made accordingly. There is more harm done in discouraging the bright than there is good done by babying the dull, though of course the methods employed should be to take most care of those who need the most attention.

I do not quite agree with the curriculum in some respects, because I am convinced that the childish mind is most retentive of things which have to do with words and languages and interesting things connected with everyday life. For this reason I think that mathematics should not be unduly forced on a childish intellect, for even the bright are apt to overdo themselves in worrying through problems. I do not insist on this feature of the discussion as being particularly necessary, for others, presumably much better acquainted with the circumstances, have through many years of experience formulated a system which, generally speaking, is excellent.

While admitting all this I do not for a moment abate my opposition to the extravagant High School and Collegiate system which is not made for the mass but for the few, and for which the few should pay, yet I am only expressing what I believe to be the views of the majority, that more harm than good is being done by newspapers everlastingly berating our school system, protesting against the amount of home work, and intimating that the teachers are loading on the parents what they should attend to themselves. One of the evils of the Public school system has been that parents have entirely forgotten their obligations towards their children in the direction of education. They feel that they are paying through their tax bill for schooling, and the average parent when asked a question by one of his children—a question which he probably cannot answer—at once sits down and writes to some newspaper that the citizens are paying for a school system and the parents are being forced to do the work. We have had enough of this. Newspapers can very well afford to attend to their own business of disseminating information; the parents can assist their children in their home work or they can leave it alone; but the school system should not be criticized by those who know nothing of educational methods, but who like to meddle with everybody's business instead of spending a few moments in the evening attending to their own and helping the youngsters in the places where they get snarled.

Last week, in saying that great honor is due the man who, years ago, began the work of making the streets of Toronto beautiful, I mentioned the names of the late Hon. George Brown and ex-Ald. Boustead. Since then I have made further enquiries and find evidence that seems to show that it was Mr. Boustead who took the initiative and pushed the work, although George Brown and the *Globe* strongly backed up the movement. Mr. Boustead sodded his own boulevard at the north end of Jarvis street and invited leading citizens to see the result. A petition was next set in motion for the sodding of Jarvis street along both sides, but below Shuter street the residents would have nothing to do with it. In the records of the City Council for the year 1875 there is the following minute of the meeting on March 15:

Ald. Ball, seconded by Ald. Close, moves for leave to bring in a bill to provide for sodding and planting with ornamental trees that portion of Jarvis street lying between the north side of Shuter street and the south side of Bloor street, which was carried.

On April 12 in the same year Ald. Boustead presented the petition of "William Cawthra and others" asking for the above sodding, curbing and tree planting on Jarvis street, and "to be assessed to defray the cost thereof." On July 15 the by-law was read a third time, signed and sealed. The property-owners interested were taxed six mills per annum for ten years for this local improvement. On August 23 of the same year Ald. Boustead presented the petition of "A. R. McMaster and others" asking for the same local improvement on the same terms, on Jarvis street from Queen street to Shuter street, and so the good work went on. An interesting story might be written of the various steps taken to make the city what it is to-day, and of the opposition encountered by the men who looked beyond the hour and the day. In this connection I may here publish the following note which I have received from a Parkdalian:

DEAR DON.—In the matter of the tree-planting, I do not know who originated the idea in Toronto proper, but this I do know, that when Parkdale was not part of Toronto the tree-planting there was due to Madame Stuttaford, Mrs. Gray's wife of Col. Gray, and I. B. Davis, Esq., barrister. Madame Stuttaford had a class entitled The Parkdale Village Improvement Class, where music, singing, elocution, and beautifying the place were its objects. Tree-planting was spoken of, and the two ladies and the gentleman named above discussed the subject, and the idea was brought before the ratepayers through the proper channel and they acquiesced therein. Although all the roads were not graded, it was determined to have one day for planting, and on a Queen's Birthday, about fifteen years ago, the trees were delivered in front of the house of the house and vacant lots, the residents digging the necessary holes and hired men digging the holes on the non-resident vacant land, and by this means all the trees in Parkdale were planted one afternoon. Madame Stuttaford and Mrs. (Col.) Gray planted the first tree, the latter held it whilst the former put the earth around the roots. This tree was planted in front of the school situated on Lansdowne avenue (the only school in Parkdale at that time), and you will perceive it was very appropriate, being a birch.

I may say that the band of the Body Guards played during the afternoon and made things pleasant.

Toronto, June 25, 1898.

A SUMMERER.

FRIDAY of this week is our national holiday, and we need beg no one's pardon for using the word "national." Confederation was a magnificent thing, but the unification of the Canadian people was not accomplished until Sir Wilfrid Laurier became Premier. Since his advent to power the term "French-Canadian" has been almost entirely dropped, and the extraordinary speeches which used to indicate that we were two peoples instead of one have disappeared. Fortunately the unification of the Empire has proceeded with quite as much rapidity. Canada is now recognized as the center of the world-encircling domain of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. Canada is the coaling station of the Western World and must be looked to as the granary of the British Empire. We are nearer both the heart and the pulse of the world-controlling consolidation than ever before. Our exports vastly exceed the record of any previous year. As a country apart from the Empire, we have domestic peace, prosperity and magnificent prospects. Canada is gaining in population, her name is being heard amongst the peoples of the earth, and the grandeur and glory which comes to a newly-awakened people is ours. We have greater faith in ourselves, a truer sense of our responsibility as regards others, a stronger hold upon the traditions which bind us to the British Empire, and a sense of peace, possibly created by the vague idea of Anglo-Saxon union, which we never had before.

The sun dawns on this First of July as if it were shining especially for the Canadians who have gone through so much tribulation for the Empire and the Britisher's idea of government. To darken the council of the world with a multitude of words, explaining why we feel that never before was Dominion Day so glorious to us, would be a mistake. The whole logic of the world's events; the bounding hope of over five million hearts; the enterprise of the keenest of the world's financiers; an unbroken record of prosperity, and the demonstrated fertility of uncounted millions of acres and untold and almost incredible manifestations of mineral wealth, make this a day of rejoicing and mark it as the moment when Canada stands more than ever before pre-eminent amongst all the countries of the world as the greatest, most self-contained and attractive spot upon which the sun shines and over which the British flag waves.

DON.

#### Social and Personal.

WE have had with us in Toronto this week one of the most distinctly original women Canada has ever given as a temporary gift to the older land, a keenly observant and delightfully receptive person, sympathetic but discriminating, and a companion to be cherished as among the precious rarities life somewhere hoards for the just and the unjust. Such a woman is Sara Jeannette Duncan Cotes, the authoress of many charming books and sketches, who has been the guest of Mrs. John Taylor of Florsheim and Mrs. Dickson of St. Margaret's College. Mrs. Everard Cotes is charmed with Toronto, and perhaps when she anchors her ship she may some happy day anchor it hereabouts, which would be a very nice thing for her friends, and let us hope, not altogether disagreeable for herself. Those friends who have grinned over the experiences of The American Girl in London, and roared at the Japanese and other adventures of A Social Departure, and puckered a frown over the fate of His Honor and a Lady, will welcome Mrs. Cotes' new book, an Indian story of English people, and like the *Mem Sahib* of happy simplicity, full of originality and interest, both local and typical. Mrs. Cotes left for Brantford to-day with many an earnest *au revoir*.

On Friday of last week Mrs. Taylor of Florsheim gave a most pleasant garden tea in the beautiful old garden which makes the name of her home so fitting and descriptive. Under the apple and cherry trees rows were spread on the soft green turf and here and there *table-de-luxe* seats arranged. Mrs. Everard Cotes was of course the guest, *par excellence*, a very quiet and gentle lion with a purr instead of a roar, and her mother, Mrs. Duncan, was another visitor to Florsheim who was always greeted with deference. Early and interested visitors were: Hon. G. W. and Mrs. Ross, Mr. and Miss Ross, Mrs. Arthur, Principal MacMurchy, Mrs. and Miss Mitchell, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Gurney, Mrs. Ryckman, Herr Rudolf Ruth, M. and Mme. Masson, Miss Katie Crawford, Mrs. A. W. Ross, Mrs. and the Misses Sheppard, Mr. Bourlier, Miss Phemie Smith, Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Leverich, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland, Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. and the Misses Heaven, Mr. and Mrs. Morang, Mr. Dickson Patterson, Mr. and Miss Wellington, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. and Miss Palmer. McConkey's men served an elegant little buffet in a shady corner of the orchard, whereon were dainties innumerable, and an orchestra played pretty snatches of popular music during the afternoon. Mrs. Taylor and Miss Taylor received in the library, and the whole house, with verandas and many exits into conservatory, trellised walks and pretty lawns, was thrown open to the guests. Mr. Taylor, his sons and daughters, Mrs. Catto and Miss Ethel, were most kind and attentive hosts, and the extremely fine weather was a source of congratulation to all bidden to the bright affair.

Mrs. Becher gave a small and delightful veranda tea at Sylvan Tower on Saturday afternoon to a party of friends, who were pleased to meet Miss Cassie Merritt, the guest of Mrs. Becher. Tea and ices were nicely served with delicious "cup" to thirty folks who enjoyed leaving the dusty highway, now in a frightful state of disorder for the laying of the new car-tracks, and entering the fresh green lawns and shaded veranda, where the sweet cordial welcome of the little lady everyone loves met them at the top of the steps, and was heartily echoed by Miss Macklem. Among the ladies and gentlemen who enjoyed the pleasant hour were: Mrs. and the Misses Merritt, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. Delamere, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mrs. and the Misses Scarth, Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Fleming, Miss Mackenzie of Benvenuto, Miss Drayton, Miss Patterson, Miss Dorothy Denison, Miss Theodora Kirkpatrick of Colmire, Mr. Heathcote, Mr. Ellis, Miss Phemie Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Macklem, Mrs. Forsythe Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Ridout of Rosedale House, Mrs. Hooper, Mrs. Ernest Wood, Mrs. Henry O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Fuller, Mrs. Tyrrell, and Rev. T. C. Street Macklem.

Mrs. Prince was greeted by many warm friends on Friday at the tea given in her honor by her mother, Mrs. O'Brien of Dromoland, and Mr. Prince, who has robbed Toronto of a very sweet young lady, was forgivingly shaken by the hand with much cordiality. On Monday callers were legion at Dromoland, and the visiting daughter of the house, in a very pretty gown trimmed with rose velvet, was quite at home in her old place, receiving with her mother and sister. It is a happy family circle and most content to welcome back one of its members. The pretty home-stead, all ablaze with scarlet geraniums, and so trimly cared for, is always a pleasant place, as visitors realize and linger long therein.

Mrs. Mackenzie of Benvenuto has been enjoying for some time the pleasure of her country home at Kirkfield.

Mr. Napier Denison lectured on Tuesday evening to a crowded audience in the Technical School on Our Atmospheric Ocean. The lecture was illustrated by stereoscopic views and proved most informing and interesting. A large number of ladies were mingled with the usual scientific attendants at such lectures.

The question has been asked of me whether it is an unwarranted liberty for a gentleman to join a lady who is wheeling down street by herself and to continue the journey into town with her without asking her permission. Unless very intimate and sure of his welcome as an escort it certainly is. However, it is so much easier for a lady to get rid of a man on a wheel than a man on the promenade, that she need not allow him to escort her if she be otherwise minded. In any case, it is a very simple thing to get off and bid him a short good morning or to turn off at some corner and say distinctly good-bye. Two girls who have asked me this question declare they have had to change their route for cycling exercise owing to the persistence of some young gentlemen in calmly ranging alongside whether they are wanted or not. In their case I should not change the route, but say with firmness but good nature that I preferred to ride alone.

Uninvited escorts must risk the danger of being snuffed out and cannot complain.

Mrs. Harry Pellatt's garden party at Cliffside was a bright festivity which attracted many smart parties to the extreme east end. The hostess received in a beautiful gown, her fine hair, as usual, most becomingly *coiffee*.

Many an interested visitor crowded Mrs. Neville's rooms at Rolleston House on Monday morning to witness the closing and distribution of prizes then in progress. Friends and parents clapped and smiled as the plentiful supply of pretty prizes diminished as they were distributed to the various students who had worked so hard for them. Mrs. Neville made appropriate remarks on the awarding of each, and her earnest words of commendation to the most lady-like girl were received with exuberant applause, and a pretty bow from Miss Nettie Barwick as she took from her teacher the graceful compliment and prize. Little Misses Baldwin, Miss Flora Macdonald, Miss Sadie Drayton, Miss Daisy Wright of Port Huron, were some of the prize-winners. Mr. DesBarres and others addressed the audience and pupils, the latter seeming a very promising and interesting party of young ladies, representatives of many leading families in Toronto and several from distant cities.

St. Margaret's College had a closing entertainment on Monday evening which interested a great number of prominent persons who have cordially given their support to the new college. Mrs. Dickson is so universally acknowledged to be an ideal Principal and her charming personality is such an inspiration to budding womanhood coming under its influence, that one hopes for great things from St. Margaret's. It was a very attractive party of young girls who faced the audience on Monday evening, and the various numbers of the programme were capitally rendered. Refreshments were afterwards served in the dining-room and the guests departed with best wishes for the continued prosperity of St. Margaret's College. On Tuesday afternoon the distribution of prizes took place at the College.

Miss Margaret Huston, the Toronto soprano, who two years ago went to Europe to continue her studies, has returned home after a lengthy stay in Paris and Brussels. Although her plans for next season are as yet quite undetermined, her many friends will be glad to learn that she will probably remain in the city a great part of the summer months.

Hon. M. C. Cameron, Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories, his daughter, Miss Grace Cameron, and her friend, Miss Helen Horton of Goderich, were in the city Tuesday, guests at the Rossin House.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mackenzie, Sarnia, were in Toronto on Saturday, guests at the Rossin House.

A large party of cycling enthusiasts spent the holiday in Peterboro' at the Meet of the fraternity. Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, Miss Thomson and Mr. and Mrs. McWhinney have gone to their summer home in Muskoka. Mrs. Worthington and Mrs. Elwood left this week for West Point, near Kingston, where they will spend the summer. Miss Mary Elwood has joined Miss Menzies' party for their Continental tour, and I fancy her absence would be too much felt in the jolly Muskoka cottage, of which she was the most jolly inhabitant in former years, to be borne by her devoted mother and grandmother. Mrs. Smith of Stratford, always a much prized visitor, came down for the wedding at Lannar and was welcomed by many friends. Mrs. Mulock, Jr., and Mrs. James Burnham are at Maplehurst, Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Forbes Whitney will summer at their farm near Meaford. Provost and Mrs. Welch left for England to-day. Mrs. Willie Macdonald and her children have gone to Roach's Point for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Marsh have removed from Beechcroft and taken a residence in Jarvis street. On Tuesday a merry quartette took a jaunting car drive to show Mrs. Everard Cotes some of the suburban beauty-spots of Toronto. The Hunt Club was the *pièce de resistance*, and with a cup of delicious tea on the veranda, and a panorama of exquisite lake and cliff and sky, in the tender late afternoon light, Mrs. Cotes declared herself enchanted and her first jaunting-car ride to be the "very nicest thing she'd done since she left India."

The most delightful garden party of the past week was that given by Professor and Mrs. Goldwin Smith at the Grange, the "past week," *bien entendu*, including also the date of the garden party, for these columns. The most perfect of summer days and a large gathering of the best in Toronto society, several welcome strangers, music by the Regimental Band, an ideal home and grounds and elegantly served goodies suitable to a warm day, were the combined elements forming a perfect whole. Mrs. Goldwin Smith received on the terrace in front of the drawing-room, and the Professor continued to make hospitable excursions down the lawn to meet the guests before they reached the terrace, as he always does on these occasions. Nowhere else in Canada is there so interesting a host and a home combined, and people like to recall the scene and the effect of the lordly trees encircling the low, wide-spreading old Grange, the stretches of emerald sward with groups of brilliantly gowned women and sombre-garbed men, and in the foreground, bareheaded and with gracious hand outstretched, the tall figure of the Professor, the Autocrat, not of the breakfast-table only, but of the dinner, supper, round and whilst-tables as well. There prevails a certain influence in his vicinity which brightens up the wits and ways of all about, and good stories, funny quips and hearty laughter were heard in all directions on that fair Thursday afternoon when Mrs. Smith received. Some tennis talk was heard also, for several crack players were there, and notably pretty little Mrs. Eustace Smith, always a prime favorite at The Grange. Good-byes were said by many an intending voyager who is by this time far away in sylvan retreat or across the raging main. A very few of the guests were: The Lieut.-Governor and Miss Mowat, Sir George and Lady Kirkpatrick, Sir John Hagarty, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Hagarty, Sir George Burton, Mrs. Ferguson and Miss Louise Burton, Sir William and Lady Howland, Miss Kirkpatrick, Sir Frank Smith, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Dr. and Mrs. Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mr. and Mrs. Yarker, Mrs. Stephen Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Eustace Smith, Mrs. Morris, Mr. Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Clarkson Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout.

This week Cloynewood's gates were closed to visitors, as Mrs. Walter Beardmore was packing up preparing for a summer fitting. Miss Connie Beardmore is still at Atlantic City.

Dr. J. H. Worman, editor-in-chief of *Outing*, and his bride of a few months, with a party of friends, passed through Toronto, en route for Muskoka, in a private G.T.R. car this week. Sir Richard Cartwright was also in town this week.

Mrs. James Plummer and her family are summering in Barrie; Mr. Plummer and Mr. Tom are keeping "bach" in town. Mrs. W. McCaskill Warden, her small son, and her sister, Miss Maggie Gooderham of Maplecroft, are at Bohemia Island, Lake Rosseau.

The Toronto Canoe Club hold their annual regatta on July 9, and what with the increased accommodation, consequent on recent enlargement of the club-house, various novel features, swimming club and canoe club water polo match, high diving, fancy swimming, Mr. H. A. Sherrard's junior singles gold medal contest, the Commodore's gold medal senior race, paddling tandems, fours and singles, and a dance afterwards to good music, a delightful time is assured.

Miss Brown and Miss Bell, Mr. Alex. Auld, Mr. R. Goodall, who has been visiting Canada for some months, Mr. R. Tandy, of the Conservatory of Music, and Mr. W. Proctor sail to-day on the Cunard steamship *Lucia*. Mr. Robert Beggand, Mr. T. A. Mitchell, Mr. Richard Garland, sail to-day from Montreal on the steamship *Vancouver*. Mr. J. B. McLean, with Mrs. McLean, and Mr. J. A. McElroy sail to-day on the steamship *Lucia*. The Misses Ryckman of Huron street, the Misses Molesworth of Elgin avenue, and Rev. Mr. Hartly left Toronto yesterday en route for Montreal and will sail from there to-day on the steamship *Vancouver*. Mr. H. G. Williams, of Ridley College, and Mrs. Williams, Miss Cutting and Miss Sanderson, and Mr. W. E. Dixon, sail to-day on the Dominion Line steamer *Vancouver*.



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## Social and Personal.

ON last Saturday afternoon at three o'clock a large number of friends and relatives of the contracting parties assembled at the Church of the Redeemer to witness the marriage of Mr. Frederick Joseph Campbell and Miss Kathleen Coates, the Rev. Septimus Jones, rector of the church, officiating. Miss Coates' family have not long been residents of Toronto, but in their few years' sojourn have made many friends, while the groom's family connection is legion, so that quite two-thirds of the guests at the wedding were intimately known to one another. All the morning anxious looks had been cast skyward, where dull clouds were hanging, and at noon hopes of a fine day were pretty slim, but the clouds parted and a fair sunny afternoon followed a forbidding morning. Just as the bride and groom followed the officiating clergyman to the altar the sun glinted brightly through the clouds and flooded the chancel with light, which was pronounced an auspicious omen by the wisecracks. Miss Coates, a tall, slender and graceful bride, wore her white satin gown, with Watteau train, fastened on the left shoulder, and cunningly folded across so as to fall evenly in immense length of shimmering beauty. The corsage was covered with tiny tucks, as well as the sleeves, and a bit of rare duchesse lace, with, here and there, orange blossoms, was the decoration. The veil was of tulle, and the bridal bouquet of roses and white carnations. Miss Coates, as maid of honor, wore a gown of satin pink silk tucked elaborately and with a narrow belt of velvet to correspond and jabot of duchesse lace. She carried Lady Dorothea roses. The bridesmaids, Miss Florence Blaikie and Miss Jessie Coates, wore apple-green silk frocks, tucked skirts, waists and sleeves, and carried bouquets of white gladioli. All three attendant maids wore leghorn hats with wrappings of white tulle, and one black and one white ostrich plume springing softly from either side of the front rosette. Mr. George Blaikie, fiance of the maid of honor, was best man. The bride was given away by her father. The ushers were: Messrs. James and Walter Campbell, Symons, Fleury, Gordon, Frazer and George Coates, brother of the bride. The reception after the marriage was at the residence of the bride's parents, 55 Madison avenue, when a delicious *dejeuner* was served, the bridal party being seated in the dining-room and the guests at quartette tables under a marquee and about the lawn. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell left on the late afternoon train for the East, followed by showers of rice, loving wishes and a valiant bouquet, which rested on the carriage top as they drove away. The going-away gown was one of Stitt's most effective and quiet creations, a dark-blue nun's veiling over navy silk, braided in blue cord and tiny silver braid, and opening over a yoke of white satin; the hat was a neat affair to correspond. Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will on their return spend the summer at the Island.

Among the smart gowns at this wedding were Mrs. Coates' of broad-meshed grenadine over pale gray silk, worn with pretty jet and violet bonnet; Mrs. Rathbun's of black silk net over violet silk, with belt, collar and trimmings of violet and black picture hat; Mrs. Walter S. Lee's of black satin with white satin front, and bonnet trimmed with nasturtium; Mrs. Herbert Mason's delicate gray, with charming little bonnet; Mrs. Drynan's rich black and white, and Miss Drynan's veiled with paillettes of jet on silk net; Mrs. Sydney Lee wore a pretty *cafe-au-lait*, edged with black lace, over rose silk, and Mrs. Bert Lee was all in brilliant red, a light diaphanous gown with touches of black, and hat to match; Mrs. Roaf wore a handsome half-mourning toilet; Mrs. Alley wore cream and Venetian red; Miss Dallas, who played for the marriage procession, was in white over mauve silk, with embroidered bodice and lovely white hat, and looked quite a picture; Mrs. Campbell, the groom's mother, was in rich black brocade, and the sisters of the groom, Miss Campbell in gray, with flounce of white and trimmings of ribbon velvet, Miss Rossie in blue and white fouldard touched with deep *cerise*, and immense bouquet of Meteor roses, and Miss Annie in green and white organdie, all looked very well. Miss Gooderham of Maplecroft in gray, with touches of burnt orange; Miss Drynan in cream embroidered organdie, and Mrs. Cecil Lee in a very smart navy and white fouldard, white vest and black hat crowned with flowers; the Misses Mortimer Clark and Miss Leila Mackay, Mrs. John Laidlaw and her sister, Miss Gunther, all faultlessly gowned and looking very nice indeed, were others of the party of guests. A couple of rooms were filled with handsome presents.

Wednesdays at the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club on the courts at the Athletic Club, will be a fashionable rendezvous during the summer. The first afternoon was Wednesday of this week, when a smart party was entertained by the Club.

A couple of small luncheons were given by Mrs. Rutherford in Jarvis street to Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald, and Miss Mabel Lee at Summerlees for Miss Cohen, who is visiting Miss Allen Gooderham, on last Friday.

The tennis lawn at Victoria Rink was filled with a very pleasant party of ladies and gentlemen on Friday afternoon, when Mr. and Mrs. James Grace gave a most delightful five o'clock tea to many friends of the Tennis Club, of which the genial James is the president. Mr. Grace is the ideal host, observant and considerate of the comfort of every guest, and the hearty welcome he gave was kindly echoed by his young wife, who is everywhere a favorite. Mrs. Grace wore a white gown trimmed with lace. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hugh John Macdonald of Winnipeg, the lady in a very sweet gown of white silk broadened

in pink, and dainty little hat and veil; Mr. Walter Read and Miss Ada Read, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkland and Miss Kirkland, Mrs. McKinnon and Mrs. Machray; Miss Hees, in a pretty black and red frock, and her charming guest, Miss Tonkin of Oswego; Miss Gladys Nordheimer, the Misses Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Capreole, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Arthurs, Major and Mrs. Greville Harston and Miss Katie Crawford. Some good tennis was played, Mr. Carlon, Mr. Alfred Jones and Misses Maul and Birchall being in one set. Seven o'clock saw the last of the guests taking leave of the host and hostess, who left this week for their summer residence at Sturgeon Point.

Miss Brouse and the Misses Stimson sailed for England last Saturday.

Professor Ramsay Wright is leaving shortly for a holiday in England.

Mr. and Mrs. John J. Palmer are taking up house at Huron street, lately the residence of Mr. Bridgman-Simpson.

Miss Cassie Merritt of St. Catharines is the guest of Mrs. Becher of Sylvan Tower.

Mrs. Cotes (formerly Sara Jeannette Duncan) with her mother, Mrs. Duncan of Brantford, has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. Taylor of Florsheim.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Ogilvie Loft, whose marriage took place last week in Chicago, were in town for a day or two on their wedding tour. They will reside later on at the Arlington, where Mrs. Loft will receive.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Cox, Mr. and Mrs. Dan A. Rose and their daughter are guests at Hotel Hanlan.

Miss C. A. Williams left this week for a summer in England. When she returns in September she will reside at the Arlington instead of at the Rossin House.

Miss Beatrice and Miss Hilda Blundell, with Miss Marjorie Perse of Winnipeg, are on a visit to their cousin, Miss Nora Moon, of 229 Robert street.

Something more than the ordinary flutter of excitement attending fashionable weddings was experienced by the "smart" people of Grey county on Wednesday, June 22, when Miss Mary Amelia Entiel ("Mel") McFarland, only daughter of Mr. W. J. McFarland, the wealthy Markdale merchant, was married to Mr. Manley Benson Morden of the head office of the Bank of Hamilton, only son of Mr. W. J. Morden of the Ambitious City. The ceremony took place at the Methodist church, Markdale, at 1:30 p.m. in the presence of a large number of guests from Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Belleville, Owen Sound, Hamilton, Sault Ste. Marie, Burlington, Wingham, Milton and other places. Rev. J. M. Simpson performed the ceremony, assisted by Rev. John Pepper of Heathcote, uncle of the groom. The bride, who has always ranked as one of the most beautiful and accomplished girls of the north country, wore to the altar a magnificent gown of white duchesse satin *en train*, trimmed with white duchesse point lace and white chiffon, with bridal veil and orange blossoms. Her jewelry was a pendant of diamonds and pearls given by the groom. Accompanying her as bridesmaids were Miss Ethel McDowall of Kingston, Miss Annie Richardson of Flesherston, Miss Edythe Birge of Hamilton, and Miss Sadie Lucas of Markdale, all sweetly gowned in white organdie over white silk, with trimmings of apple-green satin ribbon and valenciennes, and wearing black picture hats. At the head of the bridal procession came dainty little Amelia Edith Knight of Sault Ste. Marie, as flower girl, while Willie Trelford and Harry Haskett, pages in Louis XIV. suits of black velvet and white satin, brought up the rear. To each of the bridesmaids, the flower girl and the pages, the groom had given gold *fleur-de-lis* pins set with pearls. Mr. W. L. McFarland, brother of the bride, was best man, while the *distingue* duties of ushers were performed *tres galamment* by Mr. Dr. Morrison, Owen Sound, Mr. Will Drinkwater and Mr. G. Potts, Markdale, and Mr. Frank McFarland, a younger brother of the bride. A novel but quite pretty feature was introduced in the presentation by the groom to the groomsmen of a magnificent opal ring inscribed with the year and date. The church decorations were of the order magnificent, the organ loft being literally buried in roses, geraniums and ferns, while an immense arch of the same materials spanned the auditorium, and over the altar rail where the bridal party stood was a large wedding bell, also of ferns and roses. After the ceremony, Mrs. McFarland received the guests at Enfield Villa, which was beautifully decorated with ferns and roses, and the happy young *nouveaux mariés* having received the congratulations of all present, an adjournment was made to a *marquee* on the lawn, where one hundred and twenty sat down to the wedding breakfast served by Harry Webb. At five o'clock Mr. and Mrs. Morden left by special car for Boston, New York and Old Orchard Beach, via Quebec and Halifax, the bride looking remarkably sweet in a blue broadcloth suit with white shepherdess hat. Some very rich and dainty gowns were to be seen at the wedding. Mrs. McFarland wore a green and brown shot silk veiled with black silk grenadine, trimmed with jet and shot passementerie, and chiffon frills on the skirt and waist; Mrs. (Col.) Lazier of Belleville wore a buttercup suit, the front and bodice being heavily embroidered with pearls and edged with mauve velvet; Mrs. W. J. Morden of Hamilton wore a rich black silk with trimmings of jet and white chiffon; Mrs. D. A. Crescor of Owen Sound, gown of black *moire* antique with cape of Brussels lace; Mrs. (Dr.) Washington of Toronto, gray grenadine veiled over pink silk; Mrs. J. W. Morden of Hamilton, suit of the groom, black flowered organdie over blue silk, trimmed with white chiffon and black velvet baby ribbon; Miss Allie Homuth of Wingham, white broadened

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silk trimmed with pink chiffon and pearl passementerie; Miss Alma Freeman of Burlington, pale blue organdie flounced with tiny frills of blue ribbon, with waist trimmed in the same material; Mrs. M.

Richardson of Flesherston, black silk trimmed with mauve silk and black jet; Miss Maud Richardson of Flesherston, handsome gray cloth trimmed with burnt orange silk; Miss Bowes of Milton, white organdie trimmed with white lace over white silk. Amongst the presents received were a Steinway grand piano from the bride's father, and a magnificent cabinet of silver from her mother; a silver tea service from the groom's father and a Crown Derby tea set from his mother, and a china dinner set from Mr. W. L. McFarland. Mr. and Mrs. Morden will reside in Hamilton, where the bride is already well known, having attended the Wesleyan Ladies' College there.

## Society at the Capital.

Major-General and Mrs. Gascoigne did not carry out their plan of visiting Toronto last week. Instead of taking in the gaieties of the Queen City they have been busy packing up and bidding numerous farewells. If rumor speaks correctly they sail from Canada on June 30. The reason for this sudden change is said to be an urgent call which the General has received from the Old Country. Their departure will be heard with regret by everyone, for during their short stay amongst us General and Mrs. Gascoigne have succeeded in winning a popularity which few of their predecessors achieved. It is very unfortunate that all our commanding officers should feel constrained to leave before their time is up. It sets a bad example to the "other fellow" who follows.

Mr. Justice and Madame Lavergne, Mr. and Mrs. Lavergne, Mde. Coursolle and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Fortescue were the Ottawas who sailed on the Labrador on Saturday last for England.

Miss Laura Smith and Mrs. Lewis of Montreal sailed last week for Europe, where they will put in the next few months in touring.

M. De Celles and Madame De Celles are spending the summer at Point au Pic.

Mrs. Cockburn Clemow, who has been in Toronto visiting Mrs. Somerville at Athelstone, got back to town on Friday. Mrs. Clemow's clever daughter, Miss Iline Clemow, is receiving congratulations innumerable upon her work in the Collegiate Institute, she having won the gold medal and several prizes.

Lady Laurier left on Saturday morning to take a long and much-needed rest at her pretty country home in Arthabaska, where she will spend the summer. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who is suffering from the fatigues of the late session, joins Lady Laurier this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Isbester, with their family, leave the first week in July for Banff, where they will spend the summer.

The engagement of Mr. Frederick Colson to Miss Brynner was announced last week, and on all sides are warm congratulations pouring in.

Mrs. Coulter, wife of Dr. Coulter, Deputy Postmaster-General, leaves on Wednesday for Aurora, Ont., where she will spend the summer months.

Miss Dickey, eldest daughter of Hon. A. R. Dickey, who has been the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Maynard, left for Amherst, N. S., on Monday.

Mrs. James Moylan is in Toronto, the guest of the Sisters of Loretto at Loretto Abbey. Before returning to town Mrs. Moylan will visit the Convent of the Sisters situated on a high bank overlooking the Falls of Niagara.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Weatherbee have as their guest at present Miss Eardley of Baltimore.

Mr. and Mrs. Dale Harris, with their family, left last week to spend the summer at Little Metis. Other departures include that of Lady Grant and Mrs. Major for Caledonia Springs; Mrs. W. J. Anderson and family, for Bass Rock, near Boston; Miss Winnifred Dawson for White Mountain, and Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Allan and Miss Eva Allan for the Hotel Victoria, Aylmer.

Mrs. Toller and Mrs. Sydney Smith were the hostesses on Thursday afternoon at what proved to be one of the most delightful wheeling parties given this year. The party, numbering about thirty, rode out to Hog's Back, where a dainty nondescript meal was partaken of. Afterwards a bonfire was lit, and many and merry were the stories told. With fair Luna's light to guide them, the party got back to town about ten.

Miss Claudia Bate left on Tuesday for Winnipeg, where she will pay a lengthy visit to her sister, Mrs. Aldous.

Mrs. G. E. Foster, wife of Hon. George Foster, leaves on Wednesday for Shediac, where she will spend July and August.

Ottawa, June 28, '98.

## A Correction.

It has always been the custom for ministers to visit the public schools on reception days and to make little speeches while the pupils are assembled. On one occasion the good man arose and addressed the children. "My dear children, always do what is right; and above all, always begin right. If you start wrong, stop and begin over. Now, for example, if I begin to button my coat wrong it will never come out right. No, never. I must stop and start over." A small hand was raised in the back of the room and a shrill voice piped out. "Please, sir, if you skipped a button you'd come out all right."

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For quick jelly making—unequaled.  
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## The Chief of the Starry Head

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.

ONLY the skipper lived aft with Sir Rupert and the young ladies and the guests, and I don't think he was quite comfortable there. He was a great man for yarns, to be sure; and they always listened to him (so the steward told us) with marked attention; but there was no getting over the fact that they were great people, and we were just common sailormen and engineers.

The two mates, the chief engineer and self, and the boatswain and carpenter, messed forward together, and had sleeping rooms opening off our cabin; and I'll not say we were uncomfortable below deck. Of course the grub was good, because for a big fine yacht like the Starry Head they always have a cook who knows how to dress victuals, and not some bungling fool of a runaway jail-bird who can only spoil them, like you meet on most small cargo steamers. Yes, I will say that; our cook on the Starry Head could boil tea and hash up a tin equal to the best eating-house in Greenock; and if we did have a bit too much of those patent anti-scorbutic nastiness it was only what we had to expect when the owner was a Member of Parliament, and professed to take an interest in "sailors' wants." Not that they mattered though; we were none of us the cantankerous sort that makes trouble unnecessarily about such matters; we used to just sling the stuff peacefully overboard before it was put on the table, and fill up with honest salt horse and cheese. We'd as much cheese as we wanted on the Starry Head, with good flavory Danish tinned butter, too, at every meal.

Of course it was a case of brass-edged clothes, and clean boiled shirts, and dancing-class civility for all of us when we were on deck, and chips and the boatswain and the mates had to play that game right through whether they liked it or not. But a second engineer has no constant duty on deck, and I used to get to windward of it by staying below in my bunk when I'd a watch off. I did hear they gave me the by-name of "the sulky Scott" before we were fairly clear of Southampton water, but a fat lot I cared about that.

Devine, the chief, was different. You could see Devine about on deck dressed up smart as a navy officer whenever he was off duty; and he could do the polite like a young man brought up in a draper's shop. He was good-looking, too; black hair, black eyes, clean shaved, with one of those whitish faces women like, that only carried just enough brown to make it wholesome. And it was plain that all the lot of him had taken a fancy to him; one or the other of them, especially the ladies, was always walking the deck at his side; and once he even had a chat with Sir Rupert himself about the Board of Trade examination for engineers. Devine said that sort of thing suited him. His father had been a barrister before he died; and he was used to good society, and finding it again was like a taste of old times. "Well," I thought, "every one of us has his fancy. My father was Free Kirk minister at Ballindochter, and that was as good as a barrister any day, but I know my level and an uncomfortable above it."

Indeed, it was only twice that I got let in for any talk with our swells before we brought up amongst the cods' heads and the other stinks in Vardo harbor, at the entrance of the White Sea; and each time it was Sir Rupert's eldest daughter, Miss Vasey, who tackled me.

Once it was when I had been set on by the Chief to repack the stuffing boxes of the windlass engines, and she came and leaned her back against the pin-rail and talked about machinery. She'd the poorest knowledge of it, and I'd get work not to let her see what a fool she was, which was a thing I didn't want, because, let alone she was owner's daughter, it was plain, too, she was trying to be civil. I tied her with an account of the shops I'd worked in on shore, but that didn't do. It was marine engines she wanted to hear about, and the class of men who worked them, and what their prospects were; and she listened to me with as pretty a show of interest as if I had been reading her a story out of the *Family Herald*. She didn't know the difference between the ash-lift and an oil-can, but she took in every word I said, and if anything came along which she didn't understand, she'd just stop me and ask. It was quite a pleasure to give her information on such a sensible subject; she was not the sort that thought it necessary to laugh just because a man was talking; she quite understood that one was serious.

The other time when Miss Vasey got hold of me was when we were dropping our Lofoden pilot at that little town just in at the back of the North Cape. The Chief had sent me on deck to fit a new hinge to our starboard skylight in place of one that had carried away, and this young lady came up and sat on the coming whilst I worked, and started in to talk as familiar as anything. It was 12 o'clock at night, and blazing daylight. There was snow on the bare hills down to the water's edge, but the air was warm. And there were some fishermen's boats alongside trying to sell us fine big cod at four for a shilling. Sir Rupert and the rest were leaning over the port rail talking with the fishermen, so we two, by the engine-room skylight, were left alone. But when the rest had gone out of ear-shot, Miss Vasey put a question which fairly startled me. She wanted to know all about our Chief.

"Mr. McTodd," says she, "what sort of a man is Mr. Devine when he is ashore?"

"Well, how was I to answer a question like that? I felt a sort of Red Sea temperature grow all over my body under-

neath the clothes, and my tongue got sticking in my mouth as though it hadn't had drink over it for a week.

"Come," she said, "tell me. You've been with him three voyages in different ships, so you ought to know."

But I could only cough and say nothing. I was that flummoxed I couldn't get my screw-driver into the slots on the screw heads.

"Mr. McTodd," says she, "I think you're a very shy man. I dare bet a pair of gloves you will never have courage enough to ask any girl to marry you."

"Indeed, miss," said I, "you're wrong there. I was engaged once to a widow lady that kept a lodging-house in New Brighton, a most respectable person; and I'd be a married man this minute if I hadn't come in one night with a drop more whisky than she liked. I'll not deny, miss, that whiskey is my failing. It makes me talk too much. I have it about twice a year, after long voyages. It's the result of a fever I got in the Oil Rivers trade. Before that, I'd a head on me an Archbishop might have been proud of. Nothing touched it."

She nodded seriously. "I've always heard that the Oil Rivers, and the Gold Coast, and down there, was a very unhealthy place, Mr. McTodd. But men are attracted there by the pay, so I've heard. Mr. Devine was down on the West Coast once, wasn't he?"

"Yes," said I; "he was chief on one of the Lagos branch boats."

"You see, miss, it's this way. Lagos is a big town on an island in a lagoon; the bar is shallow, and the ocean steamers have to anchor in the roads outside. The small branch steamers bring the stuff out to them across the bar and tranship it in surf boats, or, if the roll's too bad for that, the pair of them run down to the Forcados River and lay alongside and work cargo with their derricks."

"I'm afraid you're talking a little over my head," said she. "I'm sorry I'm so stupid. But tell me if Mr. Devine was chief engineer on one of those Lagos steamers, how came he to be third on a Cape boat afterwards?"

"Promotion."

"What! Promotion from chief to third?"

"Well, you see, those branch boats only carry one white engineer. I was boss of one myself once. A man doesn't need a chief's ticket for that, miss."

"I'm sure you are a very clever engineer, Mr. McTodd," says she kindly, "and if it wasn't for those nasty certificate regulations you'd be chief of one of the big Atlantic steamers this minute. But tell me, how did Mr. Devine live when he was ashore at Lagos?"

"I'm sure I don't know, miss. We were there at different times. But I did hear he didn't take to some of the Coast habits very handsly. They said that till the day he came away he never once learned how to swizzle up a cocktail properly."

"Ah, you knew him best ashore in England?"

"Not even in England. Once our engineers are paid off from our ship we mostly go our different ways."

She tapped at the deck with her brown shoe. "You seem determined to tell me nothing that I want to know, Mr. McTodd." Then her cheeks reddened, as though she had said more than she intended, and she put her head in the air and walked away. I went on at titling my hinge, well contented. She was a pretty enough lassie, but she was several cuts above me, and that was a fact, and I felt more comfortable with her at a distance.

All this time Sir Rupert was haggling like an old wife with the fishermen, which was right enough, for I never hold with a man who flings away good silver over a bargain, however rich he may be, especially if a foreigner is to pouch it. And in the end he had nine big cod laid out on our white deck planks, for which he had paid two English shillings. But then what does he do but give each fellow in the boats another shilling apiece (and there must have been ten of them), just, as he said, for luck. Waste of that kind fair sickens me. Besides, it gives these foreigners a wrong impression of what we British really are. However, it was "Get under weigh" after that, so I slipped below to bear a hand if the Chief should need it. We'd been tightening up the low-pressure eccentric band, and he was a bit anxious to see how she stood it.

As it turned out, everything ran smooth and cool as we could wish for, and when he'd given her the full steam, and we were not likely to hear the telegraph again throughout the watch, I just mentioned to the Chief I'd been having a talk with our eldest young Miss.

"Well," said he, wiping his hands on a lump of waste, "what do you think of her?"

"Oh, she's a likely looking lassie, though I cannot say I care for curly hair in a woman myself."

"Auburn, you color-blind bat."

"Well, ye may call it fancy names, but I ken red when I see it. However, I'm not the man to say evil of the lassie. It's clear she's taken a fancy to me."

"The devil she has," said he, with a red face.

"She was talking to me as easy as I might to you," said I, for I knew his ways, and was not going to give myself away to him.

"And what did she chat about? Scenery and the sea, and the beauty of a sailor's life, and poetry generally? She's great on that."

"She wanted to know about you," I said, "and when I got upon other matters she always lugged the talk back to you."

"Oh," said the Chief with a snap. "Well, this is your own concern and Miss Vasey's, and I'll not ask you any more." I noticed him looking over his shoulder, and I glanced that way too, and saw the fireman on watch knock off work and lean on his shovel, listening. "I don't think all of those thrust-blocks are working very sweetly. I'll trouble you to come aft with me into the shaft-tunnel, Mr. McTodd, and we'll give them a bit of overhaul. We have smooth water in here yet, and maybe we'll find it more than a bit lumpy when we're fairly out in the Arctic Sea."

He lit a slush-lamp, crouched his shoulders, and led the way. I followed, slipping my hand along the shaft as I went. It was running smooth as milk, without a grunt or a grumble. As for the thrust-blocks, they were doing their work as sweet as a no-weight engine in an exhibition. But he led the way on past them right to the stern bearing, and leaned his back against the side of the tunnel, and coughed as though he wanted to speak and didn't quite know where to begin. He held the slush-lamp low, so that his face was in shadow above the smoky flame, and the fingers of his other hand kneaded the lump of waste which he carried till it got hard as a cricket ball.

"That lignum vitae bush by the propeller," I began, but he cut me short.

"Look here Mac, old man, drop this cursed oily shon for a minute, and tell me what she said."

"Who?"

"Evelyn—Miss Vasey. I mean, of course."

"She wanted to know what sort of chap you were ashore."

"And what did you tell her?"

"As little as I could."

"Then I call it damned unfriendly of you, Mac. I've been a good shipmate to you, and you might have stood by me when the turn came."

"And told her how you painted Grimshy red, and gave a gold ring with a green stone in it to that fat barmaid at Sunderland, and—"

"Rats, you know what I mean well enough."

"I give you my word, I don't. How should I know what would interest a swell like her? I thought that if I kept drab about your little games ashore I was doing well."

"I haven't been more of a blackguard than any one else," he said gruffly. "So you needn't ram that Sunderland barmaid down my neck. Do you think I'm a filthy salt water mechanic just because I like it? Do you think I chum with women like that because I prefer them? No blessed fear. I do it because I've no one else to talk to, and I kick myself all the time I'm being civil. If I'd had the sense of a dog I'd have chosen a gentleman's trade when I left Harrow, and been able to hold up my head. As it was, I got reading rotten books, and thought the sea was a fine thing; and here I am at thirty-two, head-greaser on a successful man's toy boat."

"I'm second on her, and I'm thirty-six," I said. "My father was a minister in the free Kirk of Scotland, and I might have been another if I'd run straight. It seems there are a pair of us."

"Mac," he said, "I'm a selfish brute, and I wasn't thinking of you just then, only of myself. Honestly, though, I don't see that you've got an opening just now, or I'd bear a hand to help you. Now I have."

"What, is Sir Rupert going to get you a berth on one of the Western ocean lines? I know he's got influence in Liverpool."

"Pout," he said, with a sudden glow. "Sir Rupert Vasey is out of the question. It's his daughter I'm speaking about. His eldest daughter."

"Well?"

"Well, man, can't you see? Have you no eyes? She's in love with me, yes in love from the crown of her head down to her pretty toes."

"You're making a big mistake," I said. "Is it likely that a swell like her would look twice at one of her father's servants? She is love with you, indeed?"

"But she is. I can see it in her eyes every time she looks at me. I can hear it in her voice every time she speaks. Do you think I've been up there with her staring at midnight suns half the night through for nothing? No, Mac, there's no blessed error about that. And as for birth, I'm as good bred as she is any day."

"Still, man, you've not got the position."

"That's the curse of it. But, Mac, I believe she'll take the jump and marry me. There's abundant time yet between now and the end of the cruise."

"When?" I said, "marry? Well, it would be a great thing for you. And are you in love with her, too?"

"Oh, I like her well enough," says the Chief, with a laugh, "and," he added, quieting down, "I'd make her a rare good husband. Yes, there'd be no two ways about that. I should never forget the pit from which she had dragged me."

"'Twould be a fine thing for you," I said.

"It would," he said, "and I believe I've got you to depend on for helping me into it, Mac. There's no one else on this yacht I've been shipmates with before, and no one to speak a word for me, except you. If she tackles you again about what I've been, pitch into her strong; turn on the

thunder and lightning a bit, and leave out all the things women don't like. I haven't had such a bad record at sea, Mac."

"No," I said thoughtfully; "you've done your duty. There was that time the Acera's propeller blade came loose at San Thome, and you were diving down there for a day and a half, all amongst the sharks, before you'd got the locknuts fast again; then you put in fifty hours with a ratchet drill when the Paraguay's shaft carried away in the Mexican Gulf, and it was a fine job you did when the old Jumbo's main steam pipe burst, and you went below and turned off the boiler-cocks and got half cooked for your pains. There were four of them killed over that job, weren't there?"

"The whole watch was scalded to death. There were seven of them all told, poor devils. It isn't a thing I can talk about myself, Mac, but you can for me. You pitch into her strong and don't be afraid of it. Lay it on in your best tuppence-colored style. And, old man, if the thing comes off, you shall find me the most grateful friend you ever had in all this world. I'll get you a billet fat enough to surprise you."

"Well," I said, "man, you're a bargain," and we shook hands over it. Eight bells went just then, and I went on watch feeling pretty satisfied. The marrying was the Chief's concern and the young miss's; and if it came off I had no objection to being benefited. A man has to look after himself in this competitive world, and I did not want them to think at Ballindochter that I had to stay all my life as a miserable understrapper on third-rate ships just because I couldn't pass the Board of Trade examination for a chief engineer's ticket.

Now, it was all very well for Devine to bid me blow the pipes cannily in his favor, but it was quite another thing to find opportunity for doing so. All the time whilst we were heading along that bleak northern coast I stayed on deck whenever I was not asleep or on watch, and Miss Vasey did barely so much as look at me. Once when we passed a little Norwegian whaling steamer towing a couple of dead finner whales which they had killed, I thought I was going to have my chance. But the skipper came up to give explanations; he fairly bubbled with talk; he had been in the whaling trade himself for twenty years, and here was a text he could preach on as long as anyone would listen. So I leaned my elbows on the starboard rail and stared till I was half blinded at the grim mountains on the shore, which carried the snow down to the sea's edge, with scarce so much as a patch of rock showing, and never a glimpse of greenery. Somehow I felt a companionship with those cold, uncared-for hills.

But in Vardo harbor my chance came, and I made the most of it. The stink of the place was enough to knock you down. The cod fishing is what the people live by, and they gut their fish by the harbor side and in the public street, and leave the innards to rot where they fall. Our eldest

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But in Vardo harbor my chance came, and I made the most of it. The stink of the place was enough to knock you down. The cod fishing is what the people live by, and they gut their fish by the harbor side and in the public street, and leave the innards to rot where they fall. Our eldest

thunder and lightning a bit, and leave out all the things women don't like. I haven't had such a bad record at sea, Mac."

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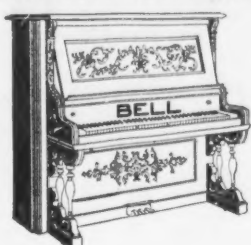
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"Everyone to his taste," I said. "They're women you could leave in safety when you went away to sea. No one would run away with them."

He laughed. "I'm sure I don't know why; but he did laugh."

"You're a funny dog at times, Mac," he said, "though I don't think you know it. Well, you're right in a way, but I don't hanker about going to sea continually all the rest of my days. What did you say to that girl yesterday?"

"I told him."

"And you didn't let her know I'd see you on?"

"Man, I'm not quite a fool."

"You're far from that. Well, Mac, I'm your debtor, and if I bring it off you shall find that I can pay what I owe."

"Then it's not a settled thing yet?"

"It's not. It's the thought of what Sir Rupert will say that's keeping her hanging in the wind. But there's time enough yet; the cruise is far from its end, and you'll see me engaged to that girl before you smell Southampton mud."

"You've plenty of confidence in yourself," I said.

"I have that," says he. "I'm going nap on this hand. I'm either going to win or bust."

"You're talking above my head."

"Perhaps you'll understand it better later."

"And you don't feel shame," I said, "picking up this rich girl just to live on her?"

"Mr. McTodd," he says hotly, "you're my subordinate officer, and you're insolent. If you don't stop that talk I'll break your blasted head. By Moses, if you want to fight, come up a back street and put up your hands, or else don't speak again like that to me."

"You needn't make a fuss," I said; "I meant no harm. I thought I was merely repeating your own ideas upon the matter. I don't think I quite understand your way of looking at the business."

"I don't think I understand it myself," he said sourly. "Which way are you going, Mr. McTodd?"

"Straight on."

"Then I'm going straight back. I don't want your company any more just now, Mr. McTodd. I believe I've told you too much."

"Well," I thought, "the Chief's a strange man at times," and I took a plug of slop-chest tobacco from my pocket and shredded up a pipe-load. I watched him stride away amongst the cots' bones which strewn the street, but he did not go down to the yacht's boat. He turned off, instead, toward the other side, where the naked rocks of the island back in upon the wooden town; and he passed through the great alleys of wooden racks, where the split cod hangs up to stink or dry as the weather chooses, and he went on to the peat and the hummocks beyond, where the breeze comes in sharp and clean from the Arctic, and the seafowl scream amongst the crags. He got lost there to my view, nor did I see him again till twenty hours later, which was his next appearance on the yacht. A small rain had been falling all of the time, and he was wet and chilled to the bone. His face was white and drawn, with black rings around the eyesockets, but there was a grim look on his mouth which let me know he had not changed about going on with his scheme. Well, if he married our eldest young miss, it was his career, and not mine. There's no man that likes siller better than me. But for all the siller in the world, I'd not invite misery by marrying a swell like her, nor not even if she loved me, like it was clear our eldest miss did the Chief.

Archangel was to have been our farthest port, but it seems Sir Rupert got so sweet on his cod's head fodder for crows that he wanted to see every variation of it before he took the idea home to lay before the House of Commons. So we made steam, unmoored, and put her across the Varanger to a bit of narrow inlet called Jar Fjord on the southern side. But a lot of things were to happen before we got there.

The watch changed at midnight, when we were half-way over, but instead of going below when the Chief relieved me, I strolled forward, got under a lee, and stared ahead. There was a cold glaring sun high in the sky, and a wind blowing raw out of the North. In front of us was a great wall of mountains glittering with snow where they showed through the clouds, white right down to where they grew out of the water. On the sea through which we passed were a few boats of fisher lads, riding dry over the short steep combers.

I must have kept my eyes on these for well-nigh an hour instead of turning in like a sensible man to gather my spell of sleep, when of a sudden there was a ringing crack as though some one had fired a grass gun close handy, and afterwards there came a roar which there was no mistaking. I take credit for myself that by the time I had turned my head my feet had already broken into a run aft. Something had burst; I didn't know what; the steam was coming in a gray noisy cloud out of the engine-room, and before any other thing was done it had got to be turned off from the boilers. That was the one thing I had got in my mind as I rushed aft, and I was going to do it if I got killed for my pains; afterwards I could see to the Chief and the fireman on watch.

But who should I meet coming out of the hot cloud beside me as I got a foot on the engine ladder but the Chief himself with a face savage as a devil's. It appeared he'd been sitting on the skylight when the explosion happened below, and he'd seen her aft first before he came to do his work.

"Get you out of that," he shouted, when he saw me move to go below. "It's my job."

"Very well, I'll relieve you," I said.

"By God!" he cried, "if you won't listen to words, take that," and he upped with his fist and sent me flying. I saw him pull his coat over his head, and step on to the ladder, and then the blinding, roaring steam hid him from my view.

Well, you see, then I stayed where I was, because really it was his watch, and, be-

sides, he'd gone, and there was no use a pair of us having the meat cooked for our bones over a one-man job. Twenty seconds later the roar of steam stopped, so that meant he'd got it turned off. But in twenty seconds a man can get scalded to death seven times over with high-pressure boilers like ours, so I wasn't altogether sweet on his chances. However, I just waited for the muck of steam to clear a trifle, and was just going down, when who should come up but the stoker, who I had thought on watch below.

"Hullo, my son," said I; "you've saved your bacon, anyway. Where have you been off to?"

"The Chief sent me for a ball of marline from the bo's'n's stores in the forepeak, sir."

"Well, then, you can come below with me and give it him," and I got on the ladder and led the way. The place was still pretty blinding, and it took us a minute before we found our man. But once we had him lifted between us it wasn't long before we got him out on deck. The coat had saved his face, but his hands were very badly scalded, and probably other parts of him as well. But I wasn't wanted there; he had plenty of others to look after him; and the eldest miss showed clearly enough who was going to be head nurse. So I just said to her, "Wrap him up as quick as you can so as to keep the air away, and put on lime water and oil, if there's any in the medicine chest," and then off I went again to the engine room.

The steam down there had cleared by that and was blowing off noisily through the escape. So I let it have a bit more play there so as to ease the pressure on the boilers, and set to look for the break.

It was not hard to find. One of the copper steam pipes had split for a foot all down the brazing, and with the tackle and available crew we had on board it would take us three solid days to replace it. So I went on deck with my report and found the Old Man getting her under canvas already.

"You can't give us the steam, anyway?" said he.

"No, sir."

"Well, we can't get back to Vardo without it, and as I've a fair wind for the Jar Fjord I shall go in there just as we intended. Sure you can tinker her up here yourself, Mr. McTodd?"

"Just as well as they could at Clyde Bank, captain. Besides, there are no shops at Vardo worth mentioning. How's the Chief, sir?"

"Badly scalded about the hands and arms, but he's got off a lot easier than might have been expected. I've had him carried to his bunk, and Miss Vasey is down there dressing his burns. Pity we've no whale oil on board. There's nothing like it for bad scalds, once you get over the smell."

The chain of snow mountains opened as we closed with them, and let us through into a narrow fjord. The Starry Head was a regular fool under canvas; but we'd a soldier's wind, and her two small trysails and the jib gave us a bit more steerage way, which was all that was wanted. We weren't exactly making passages just then. The snow left us as we sauntered on, and the banks of the fjord grew green with moss and then with grass, and then we passed the tree-line and could look out upon forests of scrub birches, many of them as much as three feet high. The mosquitoes came also, which most of us could have done without comfortably.

The mosquitoes it was which drove us away at the end of a week's stay. There was a whale factory, with a couple of half-fledged finners on the beach before it, which interested Sir Rupert very much, because he found that around there they fed their cubs on whale beef, as well as cots' heads, and he wanted to include all details of that in his report. But the young ladies and the other guests aft could not stand these pestilential insects at any price, and there was something like mutiny amongst them till Sir Rupert consented to compromise matters by putting back to Vardo.

But during that week a good deal happened. I didn't see the Chief much for the first three days, because Chips and I were hard at work repairing damages; but when things were fixed up again, I used to sit by him most of the time when the eldest Miss was not there. And I learned a curious thing. He had gone and fallen in love with her himself.

Well, anyone would think that was rather a good move. But that was not his way of looking at it. He did nothing but moan about "dragging her down to his level," and "spoiling her life out of selfishness," and sludge of that kind. But I judged him to be a bit off his head, and only just said, "Oh" and "Ah" and "Well, man," and "I suppose you'll be right," just by way of politeness. It was not till we were back amongst the stinks of Vardo harbor that the Chief and I had our final flare-up.

I came down the companion rather suddenly and heard our eldest Miss calling him Archie, and him calling her Evelyn, though when she saw me she ran away with a face like fire.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed," I said when she'd gone. "But I suppose I ought to congratulate! Ye'll have fixed it up?"

"That's as may be."

"Well, man, it's fine to be provided for all the rest of your days."

"You'd better have a care what you say."

"Dinna fly at me, Mr. Archie. I'm trying to be civil."

"You damned Scotchman," he cried; "you naturally think I was after her for her money."

"Well, and weren't ye?"

He looked at me with tight lips and an ugly eye. At last he spoke.

"Mr. McTodd," he said, "you shall have the whole history of the business. Miss Vasey took a fancy for me from the moment I came on board. I saw it and I made it grow. I cared not one brass farthing for her, but I wanted a rich wife who could lift me up out of this hateful life. So I lured her on till she loved me;

you saw how; you helped. I was going to propose to her when I saw the time was fitting, and not before. I liked her then, but nothing more."

"That day I had a talk with you in Vardo street. It came upon me that I loved her, and I quarreled with you because you had brought the knowledge to me. I went off into the hills and argued with myself alone in the cold and the rain. I compromised with my conscience. I said, 'I will not propose to her, but if she asks me herself then I will marry her.' When I got back to the yacht she was cold to me. I got frightened that the game was up, and I feared I should lose her. My God, Mac, you can't know how I loved her."

"So I prepared that accident. I weakened that copper steam pipe along the brazing with a file, sent the fireman forrard on an errand that would keep him, and then half-closed the throttle so as to send up the pressure. I went on deck, and as luck would have it was talking to Evelyn when the explosion came. All the rest you know for yourself."

"There were the file marks showing on the copper," I said drily. "You're not a very neat mechanic, Mr. Devine."

"And will they see it? Have you told anyone? Where is the piping now? Speak, man!"

"I had an accident whilst I was washing it, and the piping tumbled overboard. It's a pity."

"Mac, you're a good soul."

"Then she asked you to marry her?"

He nodded drearily.

"And ye're going to do it?"

He raised himself on an elbow and swung his legs out of the bunk. "Help me on with my clothes," he said, "and in two hours' time I'll show you what I am going to do. I must go ashore."

"Ye're no fit for the shore," I said.

"I'm best judge of that, Mac. Now dress me quick, and don't mind about hurting. A little pain more or less won't matter just now."

I let him have his way. I dressed him as gingerly as I could, and he stood up once more in his uniform clothes, with two bandaged hands hanging helpless from his sleeves.

"Now put money in my jacket pocket. You'll find it in the drawer of my chest."

I did that.

"No, all of the money."

I put in the rest.

"Now go and see if the deck's clear, and as soon as there's no one about get a boat alongside and give me a cast ashore."

I did that for him also, thinking it best to let him have his own way, and at the shore steps he bade me go back to the Starry Head. "You're a good sort, Mac, and I've a lot to thank you for. A pity, isn't it, I didn't marry that fat barnmaid at Sunderland?"

"You could have her, man, I dare say if ye went back. She'll not have forgotten that fine ring ye gave her with the green stone in it."

"All right Mac, I'll remember. You are a bit Scotch you know. Good-bye." And he walked up the steps, and I sculled the dinghy back to the yacht.

I stayed on board that day because I've a theory that if a grown man has trouble, it's best for him to see it through alone. But I didn't know the extent of the Chief's. The old man came on board brimming with it.

"Mr. McTodd," says he, "come here. You're to be chief engineer for the run home, and be banged to you. D'ye think you're capable of the work?"

"Me Chief? Oh, I'm capable enough; no more so. But me Chief, Captain? What's become of Mr. Devine?"

"Oh, he's gone off his head, I think. He was on a bench in the street there, outside a drink shop, with a Lapland woman, or some such filthy cattle of that kind, on either side of him, roaring drunk. He'd his blessed bandaged arms around their waists, and they were kissing him by turns. He'd been standing free brandy to any of those Noah's Ark ruffians who'd drink it, and most of them were roaring drunk also. He'd insulted a customs house officer, and the commandant of the fort, and the Russian Consul, and when we came along to try to quieten him, he insulted us also. He told the Guv'nor that cots' heads would never carry him into the House of Lords, and recommended him to try a Lapland woman as a second wife. The run part of it was," says the skipper with a frown, "the fellow wasn't drunk nor near it. He was cold, staring sober and that made the thing all the worse. The Guv'nor would have forgiven him, but Miss Vasey says 'No.' She says that either Devine leaves the ship or she does, and after that, of course, there was nothing else for it but to go and see the Consul and get the fool dismissed. I congratulate you on climbing into the berth, Mac, but I wish you'd got it any other way."

Well, of all the miserable ships after that, commend me to the Starry Head. It seemed as though all the life had gone out of her. Everybody was quarrelling; the coal we got wouldn't make good steam; and the Swede they signed on as second engineer was the biggest gump that ever handled an oil-can. I scarce even dared leave him with the engines alone, and, as for being on deck, it was a thing not to be thought of. When I was off watch I was sleeping like a tired dog. So it happened that I didn't see the eldest Miss till we were through the straits, and were leaving Dover behind us on the run to home. I tell you the change in her was enough to make me want to cry.

"I haven't congratulated you on your promotion, Mr. McTodd," says she.

"I'm standing in the shoes of a better man," says I.

"Of a very foolish man," says she, "of whom I do not wish to hear more."

"Oh, a very big-hearted man, if you'll excuse me, miss," says I, and then before she could get away I reeled out the yarn of everything that had happened, just as Archie Devine had told it to me. "I'm afraid," I said, "I've taken a very great liberty, miss. But I thought it right that you should know."

She took my hand in both hers, and pressed it, and smiled up at me. "You

## Praised by Its Many Friends

From its first production **LUDELLA CEYLON TEA** has met with continued success—and the reason is plain. It is sold at such low prices—quality considered. It is by far the best tea produced. Surely an article with such merits is worthy of your most serious consideration.

Lead Packages

25, 40, 50 and 60c.

GIVE  
THE  
BABIES

## NESTLÉ'S FOOD



## Healthy, Happy, Hearty Babies

They receive nourishment which is strength-giving, flesh-forming, sure and safe. Physicians, tradition and common sense all urge mothers to avoid the use of disease-laden cows' milk.

Nestlé's Food is prepared by adding water only. Large sample and book, "The Baby," free on application. The sample package contains enough Nestlé's Food for four meals. Write also for "Baby's Birthday Jewel Book."

SOLE AGENTS FOR CANADA

LEEMING, MILES & CO., MONTREAL

## Ram Lal's Pure Indian Tea

Only six weeks from the gardens of India to our breakfast tables.

have taken a very great liberty, Mr. McTodd. You have made me alter all my plans."

"I'm afraid, miss," I said, "I do not quite understand."

"I was intending to go back to London some five minutes ago, Mr. McTodd. But now I think I shall run up to Vardo again."

[THE END.]

## A Medicine for the Masses

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills the Popular Remedy of the Day.

Their Wonderful Action on the Two Great Health-Regulating Organs of the Body Renders their Usefulness Unbounded.

Of all diseases of humanity over eighty per cent. arise from or follow on disorders of the Kidney and Liver.

The happy idea of blending treatment for these two organs has originated a remedy which is doing more than all others for the ill of mankind. Dr. Chase has given us in his Kidney-Liver Pills a preparation pre-eminently successful in curing such diseases as Constipation, Biliousness, Stomach Disorders, Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Urinary Troubles, Anemia, Rheumatism, Pimples and Eruptions, and all diseases arising from impurities circulating in the system.

The record of cures which these Pills have rolled up is simply amazing. People are so delighted at being cured themselves that they want all those suffering as they did to know how they were released.

Year by year the sales of these Pills show a remarkable increase. From the Atlantic to the Pacific they are the standard household remedy, and there is not a village or hamlet in this broad Dominion where Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are not used and their merits recognized.

Wanted—A Drink.

Life.

TIME: TWO A.M.

"Ma, I want a drink!"

"Hush, darling; turn over and go to sleep."

"I want a drink!"

"No, you are restless. Turn over, dear, and go to sleep."

[After five minutes.] "Ma, I want a drink!"

"Lie still, Ethel, and go to sleep."

"But I want a drink!"

"No, you don't want a drink; you had a drink just before you went to bed. Now be still, and go right to sleep."

"I do, too, want a drink!"

"Don't let me speak to you again, child; go to sleep."

[After five minutes.] "Ma, won't you please give me a drink?"

"If you say another word, I'll get up and spank you. Now go to sleep. Yu

are a naughty girl." [After two minutes.] "Ma, when you get up to spank me, will you give me a drink?"

Who Built the Pyramids? Hard to tell in some instances. But we know who are the great nerve builders. They are Scott & Bowne. Their Scott's Emulsion feeds and strengthens brain and nerves.

Guard—Colonel, one of our Kentucky pickets is shot and one of the colored pickets has captured a prisoner. Colonel (rapidly)—Let the Kentuckian be put in the guard-house to sober up and have the chicken brought to my tent immediately. Right about! Huh-h-h!—Judge.

GOLD MEDAL,  
Health Exhibition,  
London.

## BENGER'S FOOD

For INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

This delicious and highly nutritive Food has been used with remarkable success in the rearing of infants, and by delicate and aged persons in England for many years. It can now be obtained in sealed tins of leading Chemists, &c., in the Colonies, and will prove a boon to mothers and nurses.

**BENGER'S FOOD** is sold in various sized Tins by Chemists, &c., everywhere. Wholesale of Leading Importers, or of Evans & Sons, Ltd., Montreal and Toronto.

**A SNAP**  
Ladies' \$2.00 Tan Shoes for \$1.00  
Odd lines. Price cut in half to our; not the latest style, but good value at the full price.  
**H. & C. BLACHFORD**  
114 Yonge St.



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

SATURDAY NIGHT is a Twelve-page, hand-somely illustrated paper, published weekly, and devoted to its readers.

Sixteen pages are often given to subscribers in a single weekly issue without extra charge.

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Three Months..... .50

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LIMITED, PROPRIETORS.

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## For Holiday Seekers.

You can have SATURDAY NIGHT sent to any address in Canada or United States for 20 cents per month; to foreign addresses 25 cents. Order before leaving and appreciate afterwards your forethought.

## Yellow Journals in a Hole.

HERE is poetic justice in the boomerang effect the war is having on yellow journalism. That the sensational press did much to precipitate hostilities by their blatant jingoism there can be no doubt, and now the enormous expense entailed on them by the war is making their continued existence, in their present form at least, extremely problematical, writes a New York correspondent. The *World* and the *Journal*, the two great exponents of that school, are understood to be seriously contemplating doubling their present price of one cent, and in that event their catch-penny methods will have to be noticeably modified, if not abandoned altogether.

The principle on which yellow journalism is founded is that there are more ignorant and vicious persons in the world than cultivated and high-minded ones, and that a newspaper printed for the former can attain a larger circulation and a larger advertising patronage than one that appeals only to the intelligent reader. Accordingly the *World* and *Journal* give the kind of news, dressed up in the kind of way, that attracts the vicious reader. There is no question that pictures help the sale of a paper. Some years ago, when Joseph Pulitzer was going to Europe, he gave orders that the *World* should gradually abandon the use of illustrations. Colonel Cockrell, who was left in charge, soon noticed that the circulation of the paper was dropping off steadily. It fell so low that something had to be done, and after trying several plans, he finally began using pictures again. Immediately the circulation began to increase, and the more pictures he used, the more *Worlds* there were sold. He was firmly convinced that illustrated journalism had come to stay. So it is with the "freak displays." The principle of both is that a man in an elevated car, or wherever, may catch a glimpse, in another man's paper of a picture or head line that arouses his curiosity, and may buy a copy to see what it is all about.

This sort of thing does well enough in piping times of peace. It may cost as much to get the paper out as is returned in money from its sales, but the publisher can look to the advertiser for his profit. But the war has changed all that. The advertiser is timid game, and foolishly enough, as it seems to me at the first sign of hard times he retreats to the fastnesses of his counting-room and his offer of bargains is seen no more in the papers that knew it a fortnight. He is advertising his wares now to an alarmingly less extent than he did three months ago, and the newspaper publisher's profits are accordingly diminished.

On the other hand, the publisher's expenses are vastly increased. Before the war began, the paper trust had put up the price of white paper until a penny journal could not be made to pay, unless it had an enormous circulation, and now scarcity of paper, owing to the increased demand, has sent the price up further still. The *World* uses one hundred and twenty-five tons a week, the *Journal* one hundred and twenty, the *Tribune* one hundred, the *Press* and *Times* fifty each, and other papers proportionate amounts, with the result that the supply for the entire country runs short every day. Moreover, white paper is more expensive to manufacture; one item alone, the sulphur used for bleaching, being contraband of war, has increased in price from thirty-five to one hundred and five dollars a ton. In addition to this, the cost of gathering the war news by armies of correspondents and fleets of despatch-boats is enormous.

Consequently, the strictest economy has been found necessary. The price of penny papers to newsboys was raised from forty to sixty cents a hundred a few weeks ago; and, in spite of strikes among the boys, which in some instances culminated in the destruction of all copies brought into some of the suburban towns, that tariff is still maintained. In editorial expenses there is little room for scaling. There was a wild tale on Newspaper Row that the *Sun* had cut its space rates from eight to five dollars a column, and that the other papers were following suit; but I have heard no authoritative confirmation of it as yet. Space-writers are grumbling because war stories are the only matter they can sell, and there have been some reductions in the reportorial forces; but all the

papers are devoting from one-third to one-half of their space to war news, and consequently the local departments have to be condensed to the last degree. A slight economy has even been effected in gathering war news. There are reporters of the *Herald*, the *World*, and the *Evening Post* together on some of the despatch-boats, and a similar combination has been made by the *Sun*, the *Journal* and the *Press*.

The publishers are also looking very closely to the effectual distribution of their papers, and this has resulted in an important change in at least one paper. This is the *World*, where Don C. Seitz, the business manager, has superseded John Norris, the treasurer of the Press Publishing Company, in the direction of the paper. When Mr. Pulitzer returned from his last trip to Europe, he found the condition of the *Evening World* far from satisfactory. The editorial department blamed the business management, and the counting-room replied it could not sell a poorly edited paper. Then Frederick A. Duneka made an investigation and reported to Mr. Pulitzer that the paper was not being properly supplied to many news-dealers. The proprietor of the *World* informed Mr. Norris, but did nothing decisive, as Mr. Norris is a valuable man in keeping down expenses. But the hostility between upstairs and down, as the editorial and business departments are respectively called, waxed warmer and culminated a few days ago. Late one morning the *World* got important news from Manila. By superhuman efforts the editorial department managed to get fifty thousand copies printed containing the news, and later was disgusted to find that the copies had not been sent out for sale. The business office said that they could not be sent out without a written order from Mr. Norris, and he was not to be found. He had objected to a similar extra issue on a previous occasion, and his permission had to be obtained before a single copy would be sent out of the office. A very pretty row ensued, and the result was that Mr. Norris is now restricted to the performance of his legitimate functions as treasurer of the company, and Mr. Seitz is in charge to harmonize the conflicting departments.

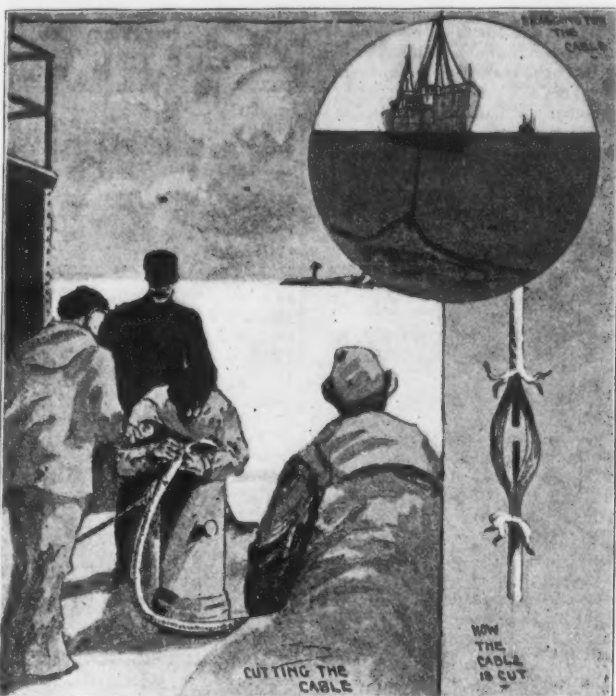
But economy of these kinds will not suffice, and, as I have said, if the war continues much longer, the *World* and *Journal* will be compelled to return to the two-cent price. The *World* made overtures to that end a year ago, but the *Journal* absolutely declined them. Now, however, matters are assuming a very different aspect, and I doubt if Mr. Hearst will long retain his stiff-backed attitude. And if he does raise the price of the *Journal*, he will have to change his tactics. The vicious element will not buy any paper at two cents, and the intelligent element will not buy a vicious paper at any price. These are the two horns of a dilemma which may deliver us from yellow journalism.

## Sporting Comment.

HERE are three natural standard methods of self-defence which science has developed into separate arts—running, boxing and wrestling. With the first two we are familiar; the last has not been prominent of late years. Wrestling is the greatest muscle-builder of the lot and should be more popular. You-suff, the Terrible Turk, has already done much to revive interest in the art in America. Twelve hundred people saw him play with Bob Harrison on the grass of the base-ball diamond at the Island last Saturday night, and to those people its possibilities were made more apparent perhaps than they ever were before. We shall probably see a revival of the sport now that attention has been called to it, and as there is nothing which shows off the effort and strain of the contestants to better advantage, it should make an attractive feature of athletic programmes to spectators tired of boxing and running events. Talking about the three standard modes of defence, when you look at it closely all athletics revolve about that same absorbing center. What is the use of jumping when you reduce it to its logical conclusion? It is not that it is necessary for physical development or anything of that kind. You could get more of that by gently waving dumb-bells around your head for fifteen minutes every morning. The real, practical, original use of jumping is to simplify one's escape from or pursuit of one's enemies. Of course, in these unfortunate times it has lost much of its practical value, but such was no doubt the original idea.

The same thing applies to the throwing of weights, and indeed to all athletic games. In fact, the nearer a game is brought to a pitched battle, as witness Rugby, the closer it comes to satisfying one's inherent, if unconscious, instinct that the practice of athletics is merely fencing with masked heads and buttoned foils.

The Toronto Lacrosse team has at last distinguished itself. It went down to Montreal and defeated the Nationals five goals to three last Saturday. As the Capitals defeated Cornwall on the same afternoon, by Toronto's commendably adroit manoeuvre she and the latter organization are now neck and neck for last place in the league standing. Toronto seemed likely to have it all her own way before, but perhaps the situation will be different henceforward. It would seem from the list of the men in the game for the Toronto team that the rumor as to changes was correct. Davis, Tozer, York and German are absent, and Griffiths, Grimes, Stewart and Lamb take their places, though York had a sprained ankle and will be back on the team. There do not seem to have been any ill-effects so far, but it is early yet to definitely assert that the team is materially strengthened thereby. If it played better last Saturday than it has done, probably practice and a strong determination to shoot on goal whenever the slightest



Cutting the Cables.

People have been reading a great deal about the United States fleet cutting the cables at Manila and near Santiago and Havana, and, knowing something of the expense and trouble of laying submarine cables, may have included these cable cuttings among the severe losses of war. The above illustration, however, shows how the cables are cut—really not cut and cast aimlessly into the sea, but the connection merely destroyed. Once the cable is secured by grappling it is drawn on board, the protecting wires that cover the real cable are spread out and the core is severed. The useless cable is then cast overboard, but owing to the outer wires remaining unsevered it can be again grappled for in times of peace and readily repaired.

chance presented itself had a great deal to do with it. The Capitals beat the Cornwalls 6-1; Cornwall beat Toronto 5-1. Toronto has a long way to go with a poor start, but she is at last pointing in the right direction and there's comfort in that.

The Elms-Tecumsehs are doing their share in helping to keep alive the game of lacrosse in Toronto. They defeated the Dufferins of Orangeville last Saturday, 6-3. The playing of their home is described as being the best ever seen in that part of the country. They are second in the C.L.A. senior series.

The Canada won the Murray cup of the R. C. Y. C. in last Saturday's sou'-wester. There was at the time of her trial races two summers ago, if I remember rightly, an impression that she was a light weather yacht. As the wind last Saturday was more than half a gale and a big sea was rolling, this notion must now be rejected. Merrythought was second, one minute one second corrected time behind the winner, and Vreda over three minutes later, third. In the twenty-seven foot class Sylvia crossed the line some two minutes ahead of the Mona; Frou Frou finished over six minutes ahead of the Klitte Lou in the 22-foot class, and the Queen Bess and Two Step were first and second respectively of the skiffs.

Yukon and Omene were the winners in the National Skiff Club's special class (yachts). In the eighteen-foot skiffs Ross and Halcyn finished first. As the National's course is just outside the western gap it gets the full benefit of the south-west wind, which rolls a big sea right in from the open lake. There was thus plenty of excitement for the crews last Saturday, and a great deal more water for some of them than was absolutely necessary. The races were shortened on this account.

By some ill-chance the score of the Toronto-Rosedale vs. Hamilton cricket match seems not to have been published in any of the Toronto papers. This is probably due to the fact that the secretary of the winning club is supposed to supply the score to the press. As the opposing teams in this match played last Saturday are two of the best in the country, the omission of the score in the daily papers was much commented upon, and, indeed, I fancy that sporting editors do not sufficiently realize the value of cricket news. Any old cricketer will bear witness that any man who has played the game is ever afterwards a patient and careful reader of all cricket scores. All cricketers read all cricket scores, whether they know anything about the players or not. This is more true of cricket than of any other game.

At present the *World* is the only Toronto paper that keeps its readers intelligently posted on cricket, and it only deals with the local matches, and does not pretend to keep an eye on the game in other parts of Canada. However, the Hamilton men defeated the Toronto-Rosedales by 148 to 129 in a single innings game. For the winners J. L. Counsell batted very strongly for 31 and seemed set for all day when he was given out L.b.w. off one of Montgomery's deliveries. Messrs. Marshall, Fritz Martin, D'Arcy Martin and Fleet (pro.) followed with fairly good scores—anything over twenty being a fairly good score. For Toronto-Rosedale, P. C. Goldingham again proved himself a sterling bat, scoring 33 not out. On the previous Saturday, playing against his own club he made 73 not out, so that he now has 126 runs to his credit and still carries his bat. W. H. Cooper scored 25, and Burrows (pro.) 13, these being the only others to reach double figures against the bowling of Fritz Martin, Jack Counsell and Fleet. One thing for which the Hamilton team is to be highly commended was observed, viz., that while two men were at bat the next man sat on the steps leading from the clubhouse, all padded and gloved, ready to walk in the moment a wicket should fall. Some teams are so slow in sending out men that it raises a horrible suspicion that there are only two pairs of pads in the club. For Toronto, P. C. Goldingham

took 4 wickets for 28 runs, and for Hamilton J. L. Counsell took 2 for 15.

Another disappointment to cricketers was the failure to see in print the score of the annual match between Upper Canada College and Trinity College School. This has long been recognized as the Eton-Harrow game of Canada. It is an old fixture, and many of our best cricketers have played in it in their youth. Those who play in these matches clip out the scores and put them away to look at in future years. But the teams of '98 will have nothing to show for the match but a little paragraph stating that Upper Canada won by an innings and 56 runs. In fact, Upper Canada this year defeated both Trinity College School and Bishop Ridley College. The latter school lost this year to both of the others, notwithstanding the fact that last year it had a remarkably strong eleven. Sometimes in one year a lot of strong players will leave a junior school, and this has been the case with Bishop Ridley College. However, the game has been put on such a footing at Ridley that hereafter it will be found abreast of the other two.

## Dramatic Notes.

THE Beryl Hope Stock Company at the Toronto have this week put on the best thing they have yet attempted. A Jolly Night, a three-act farce, preceded by a curtain-raiser entitled A Pair of Lunatics, is the bill, and it is a most mirth-provoking one all the way through. A Jolly Night, I believe, is new to Toronto. A gentleman gets into some comparatively harmless entanglements with a lady. The most amusing part of his struggles to keep his wife off the scent is where he impresses his friend into service. "You saved my life, you know," he says to his chum. "It would be ungrateful, nay, despicable of me, if I were to ever forget that." So by way of showing his love and gratefulness he sends his friend out with a directory to look up all the Tompkinses in London. A Mr. Tompkins is involved in the case and must be found. "You're my friend for life now," he said. "We must help each other." When the other demurred he exclaimed: "What did you save my life for? Why didn't you leave me at the bottom of the pond if you intended to save my life and then desert me?" This argument is too touching to be answered. The farce is well worked out, the humor is legitimate. Several of the characters are more than the stock farce characters and the company presenting it do it very well. It deserves the support it has been getting.

Richard Mansfield has certainly been hit harder and oftener by the critics of the press than any other actor of the present generation, and he appears to feel very sore. In a recent letter to the New York *Sun* he said:—"Throughout my long career I have been abused and maligned in every possible form and shape. If I have been at all successful it has been no credit to the press of this country. From it I have received neither encouragement nor honest advice. Every step upward has been a hard fight, every success has been embittered by sneers and malignant lies. No wonder that in France and England the actor enjoys an enviable position and takes pleasure in his art, and can rise even to the dignity of knighthood. Here the man who strives only for the best, and does honest work, finds himself after twenty years ranked with the scullions and the butt of every cheap-jack. I have now only one thought—how to wind up my business and get out of a country where I made the fatal mistake of pursuing a career that can lead to nothing but humiliation."

Mrs. Fiske, after a thirteen weeks' engagement at the Fifth Avenue theater, New York, in open and successful defiance of the theatrical syndicate, has closed down for the season and will spend the summer in the Adirondacks. She will begin her next season one month earlier than her last. During the past

season a representative of SATURDAY NIGHT wrote to Mrs. Fiske's agent enquiring if Tess of the D'Urbervilles would be played in Toronto, and received a reply in the negative, because "the only theaters available for Mrs. Fiske's purposes were under running arrangements with the theatrical syndicate." The Grand Opera House and the Princess Theater were probably alluded to, but there are those who think that if Mrs. Fiske came to the Toronto Opera House for a week at high prices, she would, if well advertised, play to phenomenal business.

When Julia Arthur's brilliant season came to a sudden stop, on account of her illness, Herbert Fortier, who was a member of her company and who is also a Torontonian, was engaged as leading man of the American Stock Company of New Haven, Conn. The latter company having finished its season a week ago, Mr. Fortier is resting for a few weeks in Toronto before he resumes rehearsals with Miss Arthur for the coming season. He will be seen with her at the Grand Opera House in October in a brilliant repertoire of plays, which includes: A Lady of Quality, Ingomar, As You Like It, Camille, Mercedes, and Infidèle.

## The Sunday School Picnic.

OW is the season of the Sunday school picnic. The Sunday school picnic is the most ingenious method yet devised for making mothers of large families content with staying at home. With the Sunday school picnic will ever be associated that toothsome delicacy known as the bun. Buns are made of a mixture of flour and sawdust baked into the form and density of a brass door-knob. They are extremely edible—for those who can digest brass door-knobs, and are very popular with people of an economical disposition. They go a long way and take their time about it. Children when young enough are intensely fond of them. You must catch them very young, however, for they soon grow out of it.

When the boat bumps into the wharf and the man in the blue coat with the brass buttons who bosses the 'tween-decks man with neither brass buttons nor coat, but an extremely dirty face, orders the crowd to stand back from the gangway, the experienced Sunday school picnicer grasps her umbrella, her shawl, her rug, her grab-bag and her "bawsket," and stands by. At the earliest moment she squeezes her way out upon the dock. Then she looks around her and sizes up the landscape. She first notices to which end of the wharf the land is fixed; then she raises her eyes to the distracted superintendent, who is screaming to the turn of the tide over the upstairs railing that the children are on no account to walk off the edge of the wharf.

"Where does this childer get their buns?" she says. Her voice rises above the clamor as clear, as distinct and as musical as the siren of a saw-mill. Having satisfied herself as to the location of the dining-place, she jams the helm a-lee and bears off for the scene of operations, confident that she is in the van of the most popular movement of the day.

There we see her after the long grace has kept the youngsters in a state of anguished suspense that would make them thankful for anything, with her black alpaca reefed up to her waist and her white petticoat displayed to advantage, carting around buns in the lid of a biscuit-box with the business-like air of a field-nurse dispensing first aid to the wounded.

"Little boy, would you like a ben?"  
"Naw."  
"Woe, you don't mean to tell me you ain't 'nugry after your ride on the boat, I know."  
"Naw."  
(Insistently.) "Bens is such a wholesome thing to use. (Pause for effect.) Won't you hev one?"  
"Naw."  
"Why won't you hev a nice home-made ben wot I made myself?"  
"Cos I'm lay'n for the custard pie," says the dear little pet.

After the buns have been disposed of the children are at liberty to indulge in those dissipations peculiar and absolutely necessary to Sunday school picnics. Base-

ball is popular, but differs in this instance from that which is played in the empty lot on ordinary occasions, as it differs in many respects from that which, in the unfortunate event of not possessing a "pass," you pay half a dollar to see. One of the young gentlemen who officiate as teachers usually takes the youngsters in hand. As a number of young lady teachers are standing on the foul line giggling and making remarks, he finds it hard to give that concentrated attention to the game that is necessary to make double plays. The game, as thus chaperoned, is so extraordinarily polite that you instinctively feel that such unnatural mildness is liable to explode any minute.

"Fair ball, go on," cry the side at bat.  
"No, it's a foul," asserts the side in the field, mildly but unanimously.  
"Excuse me," says the side at bat.  
"But I beg your pardon," says the field. The runner is now at first base and there is room for an argument or, according to the traditions of the game, what is technically known as a kick. This is Sunday school baseball, however, and a great many of the picturesque features of the game as usually played are eliminated. The young gentleman teacher intervenes and smooths things. The bogusness of the fatherly air he assumes is so apparent that the young ladies on the foul line have to cling to each other convulsively.  
"If this wasn't a Sunday school picnic we'd show them if it was a foul or not," mutters the side at bat.

The Bible class is very sedate. It sits on the grass down by the lake and only talks to itself. It feels the weight of years of discretion and acts with becoming dignity.  
"I'd just love to live in the country always," says the young lady in the pink dress.  
"So'd I," says the young gentleman under the straw hat.  
"So'd we," says the rest of the class.  
"The pure air, the soft green grass, the trees, the flowers and the birds—"  
"There's a beetle crawling down your neck," says the straw hat.

Two stout, healthy-looking middle-aged females are sitting on camp-stools knitting.  
"If it wasn't for the care I've took of myself I'd have caught my death long afore this," says the one with the red sock.  
"I kin quite believe it," says the lady with the gray one.

"I've had a cold off and on for the last twenty year," says the red sock.  
"Rum and turpentine is a good thing," says the gray sock.  
"Oh, I manage to keep it checked," says the red sock. "Castin' my flannins in the spring's wot did it, that and sittin' on the grass when I was a gell."

"Very dang'rous practice," says the gray sock.  
"Especially in the spring," says the red sock. "The warmness of the weather opens the pores so."  
"Yes, doesn't it? When do you cast your flannins?"  
"I don't cast my flannins at all of late years. I put more on in the fall, that's all. Lizzie, stand up this minute. How dare you sit on the grass after all your ma has warned you? You deserve to be smacked, you do. Children is so thoughtless."

"Yes, ain't they," says the gray stocking.  
It's a tired crowd that straggle down to the wharf when the boat comes to take them away. The grown-up people are glad it is over. They stagger along with the baskets, many of which contain buns that have survived the day, and drive their children before them in droves.  
"Ma, I didn't have enough to eat at tea time," says Johnny, as the crowd pause on the wharf.  
"Why didn't you?"  
"Well, the lady that was waitin' on us said that I'd had more'n wot was good for me."  
"Well, you'll find some buns in the basket."  
"I guess mebbe I'll wait till I get home," says Johnny. S. H.

Hicks-Barton is quite struck with Miss Birdkin. He had just lighted a cigar last evening when she hove in sight. He threw it away and went up the street with her. Hicks—And do you know what she said to him? She told him that she appreciated his self-denial in throwing the cigar away, but she never could think of marrying a man who was so devoid of economy.—Boston Transcript.

## Uncle Sam's New White Elephant.



What will he do with it?



## Hobo Island.

A Commercial Traveler's Story of a  
Generous Experiment.

BY MACK—PART I.

THE balcony of the summer hotel presented a fine view of the Georgian Bay with its countless islands, wooded down to the water's edge, and I went direct from the dining-room to the airy balcony to enjoy a cigar, and here I came plump upon an old friend of mine, Professor Jones, a confirmed bachelor and "man of ideas." He usually spent his long summer vacation in the Maritime Provinces, and it surprised me to find him at the threshold of the Georgian Bay summer resorts. He was oblivious of me until I touched his shoulder, being deeply engrossed with a notebook and pencil.

"No," he said in reply to my enquiries, "I shall not be here long. I expect to go off early to-morrow morning."

"Mackinaw trip?"

"No, not exactly that," he said. "Just up among the shore islands."

As he did not seem disposed to speak of his trip, I dropped the subject. My experience as a drummer throughout the lake region had taught me that there was nothing on earth that the average tourist could talk of but his intentions—where he would put up, where he would fish, and who the others were in his party. But the professor was not an average tourist, and that he did not care to talk of his plans was a relief to me. My trunk was in the sample-room and my principal customer had arranged to call and give me an order at nine o'clock, so when several others had come out to the balcony I took a stroll down to the wharf to see a large steam barge which lay there discharging corn into the big elevator. Every town on the Georgian Bay claims to have the "best harbor on inland waters"—the only harbor into which such monsters as the Superior City and the John T. Lynn, which draw about twenty feet of water, can safely enter. Every drummer who travels in the Georgian Bay country knows all about the rivalry and makes it a matter of business to go down to "see the elevator" and the "big boat," and to express his unbounded admiration for the best harbor on inland waters in each town he comes to. But this is a digression.

It was after ten o'clock when I got through with my customer, and he then invited me to go for a paddle in his canoe by moonlight—an invitation which I promptly accepted, and an outing which I greatly enjoyed. The silence of the night, the splendid reflections in the water, the odor of pines, the swift movements of the noiseless canoe, made up a pleasure that all in all was matchless.

It was about midnight when I returned to the hotel, taking a short cut across the stable-yard, and at the corner of the house, an unusual out-of-the-way corner, too, I came abruptly upon three men in low conversation, and my surprise was great to recognize in one of them Professor Jones, especially as the other two seemed to be very low, even villainous characters. They were shabby, slouchy, shaggy-whiskered fellows—not shabby like the farmer who is careless of his appearance, but down-at-the-heel like the tramps who infest the main roads and are suspected of every crime that is committed along the highway. Even in the moonlight the appearance of the men contrasted so sharply with that of the Professor that I stopped involuntarily, half-believing that my learned friend was being held there against his will. But the impatient way in which he nodded to me and drew closer to his companions dispelled the idea, and I entered the hotel wondering what the mischief it all meant.

In a few minutes footsteps sounded in the corridor and the Professor entered my room. It was apparent that he had something on his mind, but hesitated to say it. At last, however, he let it out.

"No doubt you were surprised to see me at this hour of the night talking confidentially with those two men. Were you?" He has an abrupt way—few men would have put it to me like that.

"I was," I answered.

"Yes, perhaps it looked odd. I want you to promise that you will say nothing about it in the morning or later—even if you are spoken to about me and—about them."

"Well, sir, as it is none of my business now and will be none of my business to-morrow morning or later, I shall say nothing about it, of course," I replied.

"You don't know yet. Perhaps when you hear rumors you might recall this encounter and speak of it. However, I have your promise, and that is enough."

"Why, Professor, you speak as if some tragedy had been done—let's see your hands," and he held them out playfully. "There is no blood on them," I said.

"Not so far, at all events," assented the Professor. "Look here, Hopper, I don't like talking much to you commercial travelers, for I think you are a very insincere class of people—without any deep and real convictions—"

"You ought to hear us discuss the question of a cheaper commercial rate on the railroads. You would find our convictions real enough and deep enough," I interrupted, solely with the amiable intention of giving him a chance to cease talking about himself. "We are the advance agents of prosperity; we go about sowing the seeds of business, making freight, etc., yet the railroads soak us as if we were the deadly enemies of railroad traffic."

The Professor's deep eyes looked at me with disapproval. "You merely illustrate what I have said. You would rather jest than anything else."

"No, you wrong us. People meet us on the trains and judge us by our manner of killing time while we ride from town to town. We are not superficial, nor insincere, nor flippant. We wear light, smiling fronts simply because it is necessary in our business, but many a drummer has told funny stories on the train while returning home after a very disastrous trip, and men

have gone on their rounds with a pretty good idea that their houses would assign before they got back. But they couldn't show their fears in their faces—they went out and played the game to the finish, and played it strong and fair. We read the best books and papers, study politics and social questions, and see the serious side of life as comprehensively as any class of men, but we hide a good deal, too, and I see you have been taken in as well as others."

"Maybe so, very likely I have misjudged the commercial travelers; in fact, on reflection it seems that I have regarded them as insincere men because I have seldom met with them but they were telling funny stories."

"Well, they do that in self-defence," I said, "so that their rivals and others can't tell what they are really thinking about."

"Just so," and the Professor mused for some time, with me wishing that he would quit mooning and withdraw.

"Strictly between ourselves, Hopper, I wish to say something to clear up in your mind my association with those two men. I am engaged in an experiment. For several years I have owned an island up here in the Georgian Bay—in an out-of-the-way place; that is, it is among a thousand other islands, but as they are all uninhabited, or were five years ago, my island is simply out of the world altogether. Well, I am taking up there a crowd of twenty-three tramps—men gathered from different parts of Ontario, but mostly from Toronto. We are going to build three log houses and live there on fish and game. The colony will be well established by the fall and can be self-supporting all winter. I have bought a fishing-smack and have laid in provisions to begin with. Those two men you saw me talking to were the ones who have been helping me to organize everything. They brought their respective crowds—one coming with seven men from Stratford and the other with thirteen from Toronto, and they are up shore two miles with the fishing-smack and supplies ready to go north with me at daybreak."

"Are they real tramps—real hoboes?" I exclaimed.

"Precisely. But no, some of them are honest, hard-working men who can't find work in Toronto. You may have seen items in the Toronto papers, saying that So-and-so asked the magistrate to send him down for sixty days. Well, I called around next day, in cases such as that, and if the man was agreeable I was permitted to take him away. I got four men from the Toronto jail in that way."

"But man alive!" I said, "you don't know anything about these fellows. They may rob and drown you and nobody will miss you until the University opens in September or October."

"Oh, men are much like animals. They will not take kindness amiss. Up where we are going there are thousands of islands, millions of fish and all kinds of game. All we need is a roof. These people will really live for a change. If Toronto can only offer them a jail, I can offer them an island paradise. There will be little work and abundance to eat. There will be no need for money, for we can send to the nearest point and barter for the few absolute necessities of life."

"How long are you going to stay with them?"

"All summer," replied the Professor. He then told me how the idea had occurred to him and how he had worked it out. "The people in town here know nothing whatever of my plans; the men came by various routes and rendezvoused up the shore; their presence is not known, and at daylight to-morrow morning I am to get up and join them. Say nothing whatever about them, or about my project, until you see me again, and shaking my hand warmly, Professor Jones withdrew."

(To be continued.)

## A Voice From The Pit.

By Bernard E. J. Capes in "Short Stories."

"SIGNOR, we are arrived," whispered the old man in my ear, and he put out a sudden cold hand, corded like melon rind, to stay me in the stumbling darkness.

We were on a tilted table land of the mountain, and, looking forth and below, the far indigo crescent of the bay, where it swept toward Castellamare, seemed to rise up at me as if it were a perpendicular wall, across which the white crests of the waves flew like ghost moths. We skirted a boulder, and came upon a field of sleek purple lava sown all over with little lemon jets of silent smoke, which, in their wan and melancholy glow might have been the corpse-lights of those innumerable dead, whose tombstone was the mountain itself. Far away to the right the great hollow tooth of the crater flickered intermittently with a nerve of fire. It was like the glint-

ing of a watchful eye, and in that harsh and stupendous desolation seemed the final crown and expression of utter inhumanity.

I started upon hearing the low whisper of my companion at my ear.

"In the bay yesterday the Signor saved my life. I give the Signor in return my life's secret."

He seized my right hand in his with a sinewy clutch and pointed a stiff finger at the luminous blots.

"See there, and there, and there!" he shrieked. "One floats and wavers like a spineless ribbon of seaweed in the water. Another burns with a steady radiance, a third blazes from its fissure like a flame driven by the blow-pipe. It is all a question of the under-draught, and some may feel it a little and some a little more or a little less. Ah, but I will show you one that feels it not at all. A hole, a narrow shaft that goes straight down into the pit of the great Hell, and is cold as the mouth of a barbel."

The bones of his face stood out like rocks against sand, and the pupils of his manic eyes were glazed or fell into shadow as the volcano lightnings flickered.

Suddenly he drew me to a broken pile of sulphur-rock lying tumbled against a ridge of the mountain that ran toward the crater. It lay heaped, a fused and fantastic ruin, and in a moment the old man leaped from me, and was tugging by main strength a vast fragment from its place. I leaned over his shoulder and looked down upon the hollow revealed by the displaced boulder. It was like the bell of a mighty trumpet, and in the middle a puckered opening seemed to suck inward as if it were the mouth of some subterranean monster risen to the surface of the world for air.

"Quick! quick!" muttered Paolo. "The Signor must place his ear to the hole!"

With a little odd stir at my heart, I dropped upon my knees, and leaned my head deep into the cup. I must have stayed thus a full minute before I drew myself back and looked up at the old mountaineer. His eyes gazed down into mine with mad intensity.

"Si, si!" he whispered, "what didst thou hear?"

"I heard a long surging thunder, Paolo, and the deep shrill screaming of many gas jets."

He bent down, with livid face.

"Signor, it is the booming of the everlasting fire, and thou hast heard the voices of the damned!"

"No, my friend, no; but it is a marvelous transmission of the uproar of hidden forces."

"Listen and believe!" he cried, and funneling his hands about his lips, he stooped over the central hole.

"Marco! Marco!" he screeched, in a piercing voice.

Something answered back. What was it? A malformed and twisted echo? A whistle of imprisoned steam tricked into some horrible caricature of a human voice?

"Paolo!" it seemed to wail, weak and faint with agony, "Lacqua, lacqua, Paolo!"

The old man sprang to his feet, and, looking down upon me in a sort of terrible triumph, unsling a water flask from his belt and, pulling out the cork, poured the cold liquid down into the puckered orifice. Then I felt his clutch on my arm again.

"He drinks!" he cried. "Listen, and thou wilt understand!"

I rose, with a ghost of a laugh, and once more addressed my ear to the opening.

From unthinkable depths came up a strange gloating sound, as from a ravenous throat made vibrant with ecstasy.

"Paolo!" I cried, as I rose and stood before him—and there was an hysterical note in my voice—"a feather may decide the balance. Beware of meddling with hidden thunders, or you may set rolling such another tombstone as that on which these corpse fires are yet flaming!"

And he only answered me, set and deathly:

"We of the mountains, Signor, know more things than we may tell of."

## The Stranded Ship.

Stranded and lost and alone,  
I watch by the mighty deep,  
And hear the seas make moan  
Through all my dreams and sleep.

I watch the strong sea wake,  
Roused from his latest dream,  
And the sleep from his gray locks shake,  
Kissed by the first sunbeam.  
When the winds put out to sea  
And call to my sisters ashore,  
A longing comes to me  
To wander with them as of yore.

I glimpse on the far sea-line  
A tossing sister sail,  
And dream that the waves toss mine—  
But this can naught avail.  
For here on the lonely strand  
They moulder and decay,  
While my hull in the hungry sand  
Sinks deeper day by day.  
Stranded and lost and alone,  
My tireless watch I keep,  
And hear the sea's sad tone  
Chant of eternal sleep.

BRADFORD K. DANIELS.  
Bridgetown, N.S.

Wife—I wanted to buy a few things, dear, so I took that check you signed down to the bank and filled it out. "I hope you didn't overdraw my account." "Oh, no. They wouldn't let me."—Life.

## What Jimsella Did.

BY PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.

Jim Mason, colored, and his wife Mandy have had a hard experience in the strange "North" to which they have come in the hope of bettering their condition. In the struggle the bonds of affection have been loosed and Jim, who has taken to remaining away from home for long periods, during the absence from which he has just returned a baby has had time to be born, is now threatening to leave Mandy "for good and all." From Jimsella, one of a collection of short stories, entitled *Folks From Dixie*, by Paul Laurence Dunbar, the negro writer whose verses have been widely quoted.

"If you didn't want me, Jim, I wish to Gawd dat you'd 'a' left me back home among my folks, whai people knowed mean would 'a' give me a helpin' han'." Dis hyeah No'f ain't no fittin' place fu' a lone colo'ed ooman less'n she got money."

"It ain't no place fu' nobody dat's jes' lazy an' no count."

"I ain't no count. I ain't wuffless. I does de bes' I kin. I been wokin' like a dog to try an' keep up while you trapesin' 'roun', de Lawd knows whai. When I was single I could git out an' mek my own livin'." I didn't ax nobody no odds; but you wa'n't satisfied untill I mated you, an' now, when I see tied down into a baby, dat's de way you treats me."

The woman sat down and began to cry, and the sight of her tears angered her husband the more.

"Oh, cry!" he exclaimed. "Cry all you want to. I reckon you'll cry yo' fill befo' you gits me back. What do I keer about the baby! Dat's jes' de trouble. It wa'n't enough fu' me to have to feed an' clothe you a-lyin' 'roun' doin' nothin', a baby had to go an' come, too."

"It's yo'n an' you got a right to tek keer of it, dat's what you have. I ain't a-gwine to wash my soul-case out a-tryin' to pinch along an' sta've to def at las'. I 'speat you runnin' 'roun' after somebody else—dat's de reason you can't nevah stay at home no mo'."

"Who tol' you dat?" exclaimed the man fiercely. "I ain't runnin' afiah nobody else—'tain't none o' yo' business o' I is." "Ef hit ain't my business, I'd like to know whase it gwine to be. I see yo' lawful wife an' hit's me dat's a-stayin' to tek keer o' yo' chile."

"Doggone de chile! I see tiahed o' hyeahin' 'bout huh!"

"You done got tiahed mighty quick when you ain't navah even seed huh yit. You done got tiahed quick sho'."

"No; an' I do want to see huh, neithah."

"You do know nothin' 'bout de chile, you do know whethah you wants to see huh er not."

"Look hyeah, ooman, don't you fool wid me. I ain't right, nohow!"

Just then, as if conscious of the hubbub she had raised, and anxious to add to it, the baby awoke and began to wail. With quick mother instinct the black woman went to the shabby bed, and, taking the child in her arms, began to croon softly to it: "Go s'ee my baby; let nuffin' but you, even ef pappy don't wan' look at huh I'll face. Bye, bye; go s'ee my baby's I'll gal." Unconsciously she talked to the baby in a dialect that was even softer than usual. For a moment the child subsided and the woman turned angrily on her husband: "I don't keer whethah you evah sees dis chile er not. She's a blessed I'll angel, dat's what she is, an' I'll w'k my fingahs off to raise huh, an' when she grows up, ef any nasty niggah comes eroun' mekin' eyes at huh, I'll tell huh 'bout huh pappy, an' she'll stay wid me an' be my comfort."

"Keep yo' comfort. Gawd knows, I do want huh."

"De time'll come, though, an' I kin wait fu' it. Hush-a-bye, Jimsella."

The man turned his head slightly.

"What you call huh?"

"I calls huh Jimsella, dat's what I calls huh, 'ca'se she de v'y spittin' image o' you. I gwine to jes' lun to huh dat she had a pappy, so she know she's a hones' chile an' kin hol' up huh haid."

"Oomph!"

They were both silent for a while, and then Jim said: "Huh name ought to be Jamsella—don't you know Jim's sho't fu' James?"

"I don't keer what it's short fu'." The woman was holding the baby close to her breast and sobbing now. "It wa'n't no James dat come a cou'tin' me down home. It was jes' plain Jim. Dat's what de mat-tah, I reckon you done got to be James."

Jim didn't answer, and there was another space of silence, only interrupted by two or three contented gurgles from the baby.

"I bet two bits she don't look like me," he said finally, in a dogged tone that was a little tinged with curiosity.

"I know she do. Look at huh yo'set."

"I ain't gwine look at huh."

"Yes; you's 'fraid—dat's de reason."

"I ain't 'fraid nuttin' de kin'. What I got to be 'fraid fu'? I reckon a man kin look at his own darter. I will look jes' to spite you."

He couldn't see much but a bundle of rags from which sparkled a pair of beady black eyes. But he put his finger down among the rags. The baby seized it and gurgled. The sweat broke out on Jim's brow.

"Cain't you let me hold de baby a

minute?" he said angrily. "You must be 'fraid I'll run off with huh." He took the child awkwardly in his arms.

The boiling over of Mandy's clothes took her to the other part of the room where she was busy for a few minutes. When she turned to look for Jim, he had slipped out, and Jimsella was on the bed.

At supper time that evening Jim came in with a piece of "shoulder-meat" and a head of cabbage.

"You'll have to git my dinner ready fu' me to eat to-morrow. I's wokin' on de street an' I can't come home twell night."

"Wha—what!" exclaimed Mandy. "den you ain't gwine leave, atfah all."

"Don't bothah me, ooman," said Jim. "Is Jimsella 'sleep?"

## But One of Many.

San Francisco Town Talk.

"THIS is your last night here, Grace; may I have three waltzes?"

"Three, mon Dieu! fancy the surmises of the chaperons. Three! Oh, six if you like. I long to shock to-night. Hurry up, don't stand there looking at me as if you were in a dream or the first one will be over, and then I can only startle them with five."

"What a conundrum you are. I'll bet you are not going to favor me with your divine presence because you love me at all, and yet remember what you said last night, Grace. You don't have to go home to-morrow unless you want to—you've made these last few weeks such a memory to me that you might stay one more, just one. Let me row you on the river in the morning, sing to you on the moonlit porch and dance with you a few times more. Great Scott, girl! I'm talking as if this were the end. I forgot that we'll see so much together when we get back to town. Come then, dance."

"Tow! Yes, let's dance. You can have seven because this one is most over."

"You are radiant to-night, Grace. Tom Phillips hasn't taken his eyes away from you once. Your cheeks match the Jacqueminots on your shoulders; Tom's roses, too."

"Tom! He wearies me so. I hate little men. You are really, Bob, the only fellow here worth wasting a thought on. And all the other girls wanted you so much. I must be real good to you this last night, because I'll be so engulfed in the season's gaieties when I go back to town that you'll have to forget me, though I do love you. Isn't it a shame that you don't know the same people I do? But don't let's talk about that."

"Only one more dance left. I heard Mrs. Van Rensseler whisper that she was sure we were engaged. Strange how those old women guess things, isn't it, Grace?"

"Mrs. Van Rensseler! the old absurdity; she doesn't improve with old age, like the wine we drink at dinner."

"Suppose we sit out this last, I'd much rather talk to you."

"I'd rather dance."

"I don't see why your whirl in the season's gaiety need necessitate my forgetting you, Grace, I—"

"Oh you dear, dear boy, you never see anything as you should."

"Never mind, I'm coming to see you lots, anyway. Your address in town is—"

"Well, you see, Bob, you must forget that too."

## A Crafty Financial Episode.

HONESTY is a virtue that counts for little, apparently, in a South American republic. The following anecdote, with the exception of the names of persons, is literally true.

(say a writer in *Harper's Monthly*). M. Baton, a mulatto, had a bank in the capital city, and his wife kept a grocery-store next door. When a German named Sigmund was appointed Consul-General to Paris by the President, out arrived Baton his local financial agent.

On arriving in Paris, Sigmund found that his pay as consul would never make him rich, and he cast about for some means of making money rapidly. As consul he had the seal of the southern republic, and with the aid of this he made out an apparently official order for the engraving of \$2,000,000 worth of bank-notes. Upon the delivery of the notes to the consulate in Paris, Sigmund packed them in sardine-boxes and shipped them in small quantities to Madame Baton's grocery-store. Madame Baton paid duty on the bank-note sardines at the regular rate for the genuine article, and thus the bogus money came through the custom house unsuspected. It eventually found its way into the coffers of M. Baton's bank and was duly put into circulation. This scheme worked like a charm for a little while, but, unfortunately, one fine day a negro salesman opened a newly arrived case and sold a box of bank-note sardines to a negress. A few hours later the girl returned to the shop with all the money she could scrape together, and asked Madame Baton, who was behind the counter, for half a dozen boxes of sardines. Madame was somewhat surprised at the request, for sardines are an expensive luxury, but she stepped to a shelf and took down what was asked for.

"But I don't want that kind," said the negress. "I want six boxes of those that came on the ship this morning."

When Madame Baton realized that the cat was out of the bag, she rushed into the bank and told her husband; he was naturally somewhat annoyed, but having lived a long while in South America, he knew just what to do in the emergency. He put on his best clothes and went to the palace. The President received him, and the pair were closeted for two hours. That night the President and all his suite, in full uniform, dined with M. and Madame Baton. The news of the bank-note sardines had spread, but the people understood the situation well enough when they saw the honors so officially paid to Baton by the President. On the following day a large case of sardines was sent from the grocery to the palace, and soon afterward the Government Bank entered on its books, at the state's account, a figure exceeding by \$1,700,000 the actual issue of national bank notes. The President has passed away now, and so have all the rest; but the story still lives.

## An Unsympathetic Master.

The cook astonished and pained her mistress by giving her a month's notice.

"What do you want to leave for, Jane?" asked her mistress. "I am very much pleased with you, and I thought you were quite comfortable here."

"Yes, mum, I'm comfortable enough in a way, but—" The cook hesitated and fidgeted about.

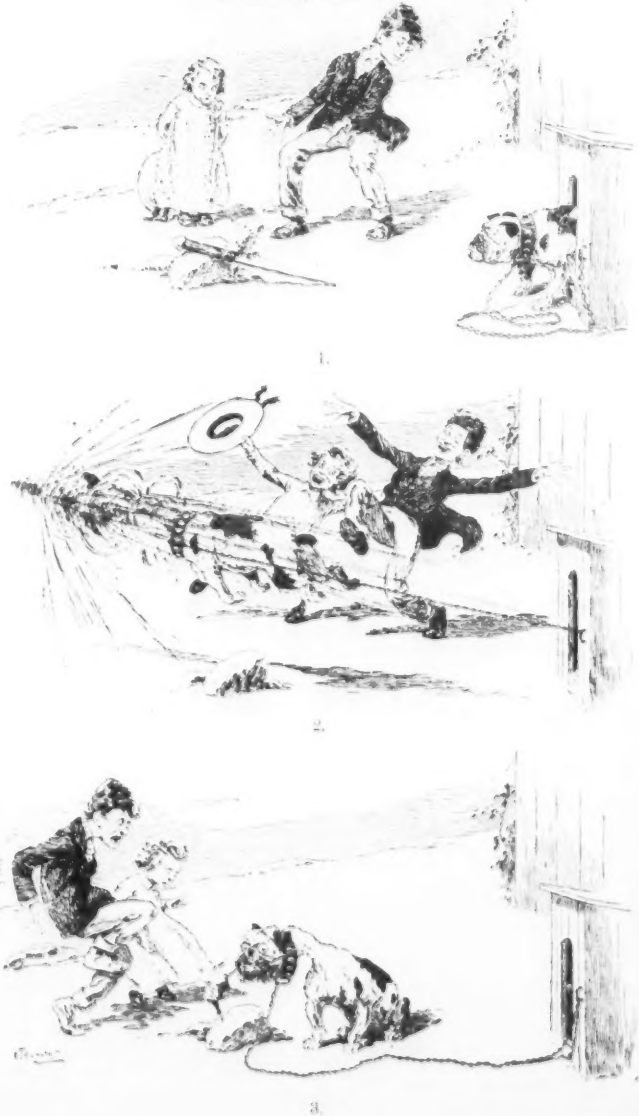
"But what?" queried her mistress.

"Well, mum," she blurted out, "the fact is the master doesn't seem to 'preciate my cookery, and I can't stop in a place where my efforts to please are wasted; so I'd rather go, mum."

"But what makes you think that your master doesn't appreciate your cookery? Has he ever complained to you?" asked the lady.

"No, mum, but my late master was always laid up through over-eating—he said he couldn't help doing so because my cookery was so delicious—but master here hasn't been laid up once all the three months I've been with you, mum."

## A Holiday Catastrophe





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## Anecdotal.

A member of the House asked Speaker  
Reed the other day if he did not think  
that Hawaii should come into the Union  
before Cuban annexation was discussed.  
Mr. Reed thought a moment and then  
dryly replied: "Some people prefer lep-  
rosy to yellow fever, but if I had to have  
both, I should take the yellow fever first."

Shortly before his death, which occurred  
in 1896, Massimo d'Azeglio, statesman,  
orator, poet, the painter of Orlando  
Furioso, but, above all, the trusty friend  
and valued counsellor of Victor Emmanuel,  
was talking to a Frenchman, who con-  
gratulated him upon the unification of  
Italy. "Yes," was the reply, "we have  
made a new Italy; now we must endeavor  
to make new Italians."

They were giving She Stoops to Conquer  
the other day in a small provincial town.  
A penniless individual, anxious to see the  
play, stalked past the ticket office in a  
careless, independent sort of way. When  
stopped and asked by what right he went  
in without paying, he replied: "By what  
right? I am Oliver Goldsmith, the author  
of the piece they are going to perform!"  
"Ah! beg pardon, sir," said the check-  
taker, making a bow. And Goldsmith  
walked in to see his play.

It happened in the spring of 1890, when  
Garibaldi was pursuing his expedition in  
Sicily, and when the words "Constitution  
and Liberty" were on every Neapolitan's  
lips. "Why are you so anxious for a con-  
stitution?" asked a foreign tourist of his  
guide and donkey-driver, while they were  
traveling through the mountains of Sor-  
rento. "Well, you see, your excellency,"  
was the answer, "because I think we  
shall be all the better for it. It is now  
close upon twenty years that I am letting  
out my asses to visitors from all countries  
—English, French, Americans; all of these

before you  
go to your  
summer home

better get a Tyrell Fountain  
Pen and a neat box of note-  
paper and envelopes.

They'll save you a lot of  
waiting if you summer at an  
hotel—and a lot of bother if  
you are in your own cottage.

TYRELL FOUNTAIN PEN \$1.10

Wm. Tyrell & Co.,  
The Bookshop,  
No. 8 King Street West.

have a constitution, and they are all rich."

Paderewski met at a reception in Lon-  
don J. F. Runciman, the critic of the  
Saturday Review. "I understand, Mr.  
Runciman," said the pianist, "that you  
have stated that the reputation I have  
gained for my left-hand work is unde-  
served. Let me play you something that  
I hope will convince you." And he played  
a piece that exhibited wonderful command  
of the key-board with his left hand.  
Runciman listened attentively, and then  
said: "I am still of the same opinion,  
Monsieur Paderewski; I think you have  
no left hand. I think you have two right  
hands!"

The late W. E. Gladstone was once guilty  
of an amusing blunder in a debate on the  
question of disestablishment. Dilating on  
the hold on the affections of the people of  
the Church of England, he said: "When  
an Englishman wants to get married, to  
whom does he go? To the parish priest.  
When he wants his child baptized, to  
whom does he go? To the parish priest.  
When he wants to get buried, to whom  
does he go?" The House answered with a  
roar of laughter, in which Mr. Gladstone  
himself joined, adding: "As I was con-  
trasting the English Church with the  
Irish, a bull is perhaps excusable."

The Duke of Edinburgh is notoriously  
parsimonious. On a wet afternoon he  
hired a cab in Bond street and requested  
to be driven to Victoria station. Arrived  
there he handed the cabman a shilling.  
Then of course came the inevitable, "Ere,  
what's this? Can't you make it another  
sixpence?" "Certainly not," said the  
noble fare. "And, what is more, you  
came the wrong way. What made you go  
right around Hyde Park Corner and  
Grosvenor Place?" The cabby saw that  
he had no chance, and chaffingly replied:  
—"Wot for? 'Cos St. James' Park is closed  
—that's wot for!" "Closed? St. James' park  
closed? Why, 'cos that?" "Oh,  
they say 'ow the Duke dropped a three-  
penny piece a comin' across the park last  
night, and the park's closed till they find  
it!"

When Dewey was first lieutenant of one  
of the gunboats which Farragut used as a  
despatch-boat, the admiral used often to  
come aboard and steam up near the levee to  
reconnoitre. The Southerners had a  
way of rushing a field-piece to the top of  
the high bank, firing point-blank at the  
gunboat, and then backing down again.  
Upon one such occasion Farragut saw  
Dewey dodge a shot. "Why don't you  
stand firm, lieutenant?" said he. "Don't  
you know you can't jump quick enough?"  
A day or so after the admiral dodged a  
shot. The lieutenant smiled and held his  
tongue; but the admiral had a guilty con-  
science. He cleared his throat once or  
twice, shifted his attitude, and finally  
declared: "Why, sir, you can't help it,  
sir. It's human nature, and there's an  
end to it!"

On one occasion two gentlemen, invited  
as guests at a table where Mr. Gladstone  
was expected, made a wager that they  
would start a conversation on a subject  
about even which Mr. Gladstone would  
know nothing. To accomplish this end  
they read up an ancient magazine article  
on some unfamiliar subject connected  
with Chinese manufactures. When the  
favorable opportunity came the topic was  
started, and the two conspirators watched  
with amusement the growing interest in  
the subject which Mr. Gladstone's face  
betrayed. Finally he joined in the con-  
versation and their amusement was  
turned into gnashing of teeth—to speak  
figuratively—when Mr. Gladstone said:  
—"Ah, gentlemen, I perceive you have been  
reading an article I wrote in the  
Magazine thirty or forty years ago."

## On Buying Gloves.

The Ethics of Trafficking—Other People's  
Money—The First Fruits of the War.

THE other day we were watch-  
ing a fashionably gowned wo-  
man at what is called a  
function of importance. She  
wore a becoming gown and  
hat, and was a handsome  
woman enough, but she had either been  
very vain or very careless when she  
bought her gloves. Her fingers stuck out  
like pudgy sausages; her palm, where it  
showed at the buttoning of the glove, was  
purple with congested blood; the effect  
was distracting to me. Another wo-  
man whispered to me, "Why doesn't she  
have her gloves tried on? Those cost well,  
nearly two dollars a pair, and she'd look  
much better with clean, bare hands!"

A tight glove strained over a tortured hand  
is what no one needs here. When buying  
gloves remember that it pays to buy the  
best, and of the best there are always  
three models, to suit the slender, long,  
artistic hand, the ordinary medium, and  
the little pudgy butter ball, such as was  
that I described. Of course you insist  
upon having the gloves put on, and both  
of them too, and if you are buying a lot,  
tell the clerk you will have them all tried  
on, and tell it firmly. She cannot sell  
more than one pair at a time to you, no  
matter how many pairs you finally  
purchase. Lots of travelers find gloves  
a nuisance if they fit too snugly. One is  
carrying shawl straps and guide books, and  
luncheon-boxes, and oh! direful thought,  
clinging to cross-channel steamer rails,  
and one's gloves in hanging on moments  
should be loose. Then, as to color; never  
buy purple, nor green, nor blue gloves, no  
matter how fashionable they may happen  
to be. A lovely costume at a smart  
garden party this summer was spoiled by  
a pair of bright green gloves. They did  
look so Bank-holiday-like! White gloves  
with white frocks are a necessity, but  
with others they have an exceeding ten-  
dency to enlarge a six to a seven. The  
smartest and daintiest hand-wear is  
always black, and with a bright-tinted  
organdie is very chic, besides making the  
hand look much less than its size. Cycling  
gloves of various degrees of discomfort  
are on the market. Unless the wearer  
has the driest of palms, kid is impossible

in summer. There are some pretty cream  
and tan thread which imitate undressed  
kid and are cool and serviceable. A new  
glove for cycling reminds me of a crick-  
eter's batting-glove; the palm is almost all  
solid away, and the fingers are merely  
shields, with openwork straps to keep  
them in place. This glove is comfortable  
but very clumsy, and no smart girl would  
ever wear it. Don't buy your gloves  
hurriedly; remember to get a make to  
suit your build of hand; have them tried  
on; and when you take them off just pull  
them wrong side out from the band.

The baby-carriage on the sidewalk is  
much more of a nuisance in busy streets  
down town than the bicycle in the road-  
way. It is considered allowable for a baby-  
carriage to be wheeled against new frocks  
when it has newly passed over a fresh-  
drenched crossing or a heap of manure.  
If the frock's owner protests, the baby-  
carriage owner looks straight past her and  
sails into some other smart skirt. It is also  
according to Hoyle for two baby-carriages  
to block a sidewalk while the nurses in  
charge amble along immersed in conversa-  
tion and the pedestrians describe indig-  
nant circles on the boulevards to avoid  
being run down. And I should like to see  
the finish of the Inspector who would  
object to it. During late months there  
has appeared in the streets that queer  
little contrivance, the "carrier," a tiny  
chair on two wheels, with long handles to  
push it. This conveyance seems inade-  
quate and perilous to a degree. The poor  
babies get dislocating jerks over kerbs  
and rough spots, and have a sort of endur-  
ing look, aged-before-their-time, sugges-  
tive, in conjunction with the carrier, of  
a changeling put out the window on a  
shovel.

It was at a church garden party that the  
cholerics man fussed about until a stone  
got in his way just when it was speeding  
from the hand of a small boy. There was  
war then, I can tell you, and the cholerics  
man pounced upon a youngster and  
ordered him to tell who threw the stone.  
"You know—your saw him—which one  
was it?" stormed the cholerics man. "I  
know, but I won't tell," said the small boy  
decidedly. "We'll see if I have you dis-  
missed from the choir. I'll have you  
arrested," spluttered the cholerics man, and  
he hauled the boy to the law, which was  
happened by a burly policeman. The  
church, in the shape of a small curate,  
tried to remonstrate, but the cholerics  
man was beyond praying for. "An' ye  
know who threw the rock, and ye won't  
tell!" said the great Cavan man in blue,  
looking keenly at the little lad. "We  
don't tell tales," said the small child, with  
a glance of appeal. "Good for you too,  
my lad," roared the son of Anak. "That's  
the way to be a man. And don't be afraid  
of any of them. Now, away you go, and  
if ye tell, I'll cut the ears off ye!" It was  
impossible not to laugh, and we laughed  
loud.

How often, when some big benefit might  
be conferred on the community, if  
only one could raise the money to pay  
for it, one hears mentioned the name  
of a rich man, and the remark, in a  
tone almost of trepidation, "Oh, that man  
could do the whole thing and never miss  
it." At least a dozen times lately I have  
heard that remark about a certain mil-  
lionaire, and if he did these things which  
the voice of the thoughtless cries out to  
him to do, it would be as if one took out  
the foundation stones of a great building  
to repair the highway. The whole structure  
of some great business which has taken  
the work of his life to build up, and which  
rests upon those millions, as upon great  
pillars rests the lordly building, would sag  
and tremble and lean out of kilter. It is  
so easy for the world to manage the bank  
account of a millionaire, the great, wise,  
loquacious world that knows so little.

All hail to the first fruits of the war to  
the south of us! 'Tis a fine sample sheaf,  
and the personality is worthy as an offer-  
ing to the two-faced god. But down in  
the quiet room in Irving Place, that little  
thoroughfare in the heart of New York,  
about which cluster many houses bound  
up with the traditions of the city, where the  
Players' Club is just around the corner, and  
the tiny precincts of Gramercy Park block  
the north end, there may be hours of  
heart-break; it is possible there may even  
be tears, there and elsewhere, so little  
does glory heal the wound of Death, so  
unreasonable is Love when it loses its  
idol, lusty with youth and health and  
power. It is only a young man who was  
noted for his strength and who had the  
privilege of looking over the heads of most  
of us, by virtue of many inches of stature,  
whose death has brought the crime of war  
home to some of us. 'Tis the old ache and  
terror of the sixties waking up again,  
only without the cruelty of the thought  
that the lead which pierced the heart  
might have been sent by a brother, not in  
nationality only but in very truth—sons of  
one mother and seeking each other's life.  
Once, when a city was taken, the victors,  
led by a young New York captain, took  
some prisoners. The captain faced the  
officer who had defended the city. One  
startled glance and the brothers, who had  
not met for twenty years, were in each  
other's arms. North and South, who, thank  
God, fear no such happening in the present  
war.

LADY GAY.

## A Blacksmith's Story.

He Became so Run Down That Work Was  
Almost Impossible—His Whole Body  
Racked With Pain.

From the Bridgewater Enterprise.

Mr. Austin Fancy is a well known  
blacksmith living at Baker Settlement, a  
hamlet about ten miles from Bridgewater,  
N.S. Mr. Fancy is well known in the  
locality in which he lives. He is another  
of the legion whose restoration to health  
adds to the popularity of Dr. Williams'  
Pink Pills. Mr. Fancy related his story of  
illness and renewed health to a reporter  
of the Enterprise as follows: "During the  
last winter, owing I suppose to overwork  
and impure blood, I became very much re-

duced in flesh, and had severe pains in the  
muscles all over my body. I felt tired all  
the time, had no appetite, and often felt  
so low spirited that I wished myself in  
another world. Some of the time, neces-  
sity compelled me to undertake a little  
work in my blacksmith shop, but I was  
not fit for it, and after doing the job,  
would have to lie down; indeed I often  
felt like fainting. I was advised to try  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after using  
a couple of boxes, I felt a decided relief.  
The pains began to abate, and I felt again  
as though life was not all dreariness. By  
the time I had used six boxes I was as well  
as ever, and able to do a hard day's work  
at the forge without fatigue, and those  
who know anything about a blacksmith's  
work, will know what this means. Those  
who are not well, will make no mistake in  
looking for health through the medium of  
Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going  
to the root of the disease. They renew  
and build up the blood, and strengthen  
the nerves, thus driving disease from the  
system. Avoid imitations by insisting  
that every box you purchase is enclosed in  
a wrapper bearing the full trade mark,  
"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people."

## Correspondence Coupon.

The above Coupon must accompany every  
graphological study sent in. The Editor  
requests correspondents to observe the following  
Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist  
of at least six lines of original matter, includ-  
ing several capital letters. 2. Letters will be  
answered in their order, unless under unusual  
circumstances. Correspondents need not take  
up their own and the Editor's time by writing  
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-  
tions, scraps or postal cards are not studied.  
4. Please address Correspondence Column.  
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons  
are not studied.

USHER.—If at an evening wedding white  
gloves must be worn; for day weddings, pale  
gray or any light color. I'd rather not carry  
any than tan ones, though I have seen an  
usher carrying tan gloves, and thought it de-  
cided out of keeping.

GRACIA.—It is certainly very bad manners  
to converse in a foreign language when no one  
beside your friend understands it—that is if he  
also speaks English. I do not blame the two  
ladies for leaving you with him, and don't see  
how you can either. You practically isolated  
yourself, and naturally placed them at a dis-  
advantage which they very properly resented.  
Just put yourself in their place and see how  
mortified you would feel to be shut out in such  
a fashion.

CAMERON.—Your writing is very neat and  
bespeaks a faddist, exceedingly conventional  
and apt to be too anxious for effect. Lord help  
the woman who gets you if she is at all in-  
clined to take life easy. You are honorable,  
conservative, introspective and a bit narrow-  
minded. Truth, exceeding honesty and a great  
deal of common sense and appreciation are shown.  
I wonder would it kill you to sometimes forget  
you are alive? 2. About the Ascot puff, I can  
give you a recipe for making it stand out prop-  
erly. Fold a silk sock under it. Lots of men  
manage so.

JERUSALEM.—A school-girl hand. You are  
exceedingly clever, either in art or music. I  
prefer to think the former. Marked origi-  
nality, courage, force and tenacity are shown.  
The character is not at all fully developed. 2.  
I am not shocked that you smoke cigarettes,  
but I don't like it in you. It is not a crime any  
more than stuffing yourself with candy. Both  
are likely to do you harm, but, just think a  
minute, little maid. In smoking cigarettes you  
run against the prejudices of nine-tenths of  
your friends. Is it a wise freak?

A MAN OF TORONTO.—Faith, you needn't  
have signed it! Such a glorification of this  
very ordinary word could only come from a  
person who had spent his life here. The best I  
can say, though you demand I shall agree with  
you, is that I've known it worse. Do you re-  
member Queen and Sherbourne streets in the  
soft spring weather some twelve years ago? I  
thought I'd struck the worst hole in America  
that spring. 2. Your writing is speculative,  
ambitious and irrational; you are a dreamer,  
and your judgment is nil. You have warm  
affection, great loyalty and some hope, a  
humble cheerfulness and no sense of humor,  
an extremely sensitive and sometimes im-  
patient nature. Gracious! If I'd studied your  
writing five minutes sooner!

IRISHMAN.—No, Ireland was not populated  
from Scotland. I suppose you got that notion  
from the early name given to the Irish in the  
fourth century, when they used to raid the  
Roman province of Britain. The raiders were  
called Scotti. The primitive inhabitants of  
Ireland are now believed to have been of the  
same Indo-European race with the original  
Britons. The antiquities of Ireland, especially  
the golden articles, form the greatest part of  
the collection illustrative of British history in  
the British Museum. A most interesting study  
is the tracing of the similarity between the early  
Irish relics and the ancient Jewish symbols  
and customs. The harp of David is the same  
instrument which "once thro' Tara's halls."  
Tara was the royal residence of Ireland. As  
for the coronation stone, everyone knows that  
it is Joseph's pillow, and if anyone doesn't believe  
it, he or she is just a hopeless doubter! 2. The  
Book of Kells is just the Gospels in Irish, a  
very, very old manuscript. It is in Trinity  
College library, Dublin. Kells is an abbey  
town some few miles from Kilkenny. I went  
there to a tennis party with the Bishop of  
Fermagh and Ossory, who lives at Kilkenny, some  
six years ago this month. Either the original  
Book of Kells or a copy of it was shown to us  
that day, unless I am very badly mixed up. I  
saw it somewhere, anyhow, and was intensely  
interested.

## They Could Join.

A class of girls about ten years of age  
each, whose teacher was fond of forming  
clubs, tried to form one of members who  
could trace their ancestry three genera-  
tions or more, and offered a prize to the  
girl whose family went back the furthest.  
Therefore she gave each a card for her  
parents to fill in.

One girl, going home to her dinner, said  
to her mother: "O! Mamma! Teacher  
is forming a club and it is called The Hol-  
land Dames of America. If you can tell  
how far back we can trace our ancestors I  
can join."

The mother, being busy, answered: "Oh,  
tell the teacher we're mongrels." The  
child returned to school, and as soon as  
the teacher mentioned the subject, arose  
from her seat and said: "Teacher, mam-  
ma says I can join; our ancestors were all  
scoundrels."

Daughter.—Where have sister and  
George gone? Father—I've sent them into  
the dark room to develop their affections.—  
Bazar.

## Amusements.

## For Saturday Night.

If you would reach the Heavenly Gate,  
Beware your choice of games.  
Sweet Innocence is charmed by some.  
Some bind with Satan's chains.  
A slight mistake may land you far  
Down dark Perdition's Hole;  
But never mind! You're always safe  
In playing Crokinole.

There's Authors, Nations—proper games—  
All right; but then you see  
With colored spots and faces there  
How different that would be:  
The Devil's instruments become,  
They sear the saintliest soul,  
So stop your course for Hell's domain,  
And stick to Crokinole.

You promenade; why, that's all right.  
But when you come to dance  
You're surely thinking naughty things.  
—Denials have no chance.  
The safest way to free your mind  
From this unholy goal,  
Is keep it empty: Go ahead  
And play at Crokinole.

These fine distinctions must be made  
By man, not God, you're sure.  
When home surrounding matter not,  
Or if the heart be pure.  
You say such differences as these  
To you seem very droll.  
And we agree: We're all like you,  
We're tired of Crokinole.  
June, 1898. —G. E. M.

## The Art of Conversation.

"Please talk," said a pretty American  
girl to a shy young Englishman who was  
her neighbor at dinner. "Mrs. A. invited  
me here especially to amuse you, and she  
will never forgive me if you look bored."  
The young man laughed. What the young  
people said is thus recorded by the New  
York Tribune:

"I will do my best," answered the Eng-  
lishman, "but I am a silent chap. I  
always sit as mum as a church mouse.  
Why, even now I haven't an idea what to  
say next!"

"Neither have I," responded the young  
woman. "If I can't make you talk, or at  
least seem interested, Mrs. A. will think  
me stupid. But it is hard. I do not be-  
lieve we have an idea in common."  
"I suppose not," said the young man,  
cheerfully.

Then came a pause. The Englishman  
seemed content to apply himself to the  
food before him. The girl pondered.  
"Do you know any poetry?" she said  
suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought.

"Not a line," said her neighbor.  
"But surely you know something! How  
about nursery rhymes? Hickory, dickory,  
dock!" she continued persuasively. The  
face of the stolid young man brightened.

"Wasn't it something about a mouse?"  
he asked.

"Why, of course," encouragingly.  
"Don't you remember what he did?"  
Hickory, dickory, dock,  
The mouse ran up the—"

"Clock!" exclaimed the Englishman,  
and he finished the rhyme without assist-  
ance, and with considerable animation.  
"That's perfectly splendid!" cried the  
young woman, softly clapping her hands.

"We are all right now! You say one line,  
and then I'll say another, and Mrs. A. will  
think it all conversation. I suspect we  
both know enough Mother Goose dog-  
gerel to last through dinner."

"What are you two laughing at?"  
called out the hostess a few minutes later,  
as the young Englishman uttered a truly  
British guffaw over his version of

Baa, baa, black sheep,  
Have you any wool?

The young man turned to her next neighbor she  
said confidentially:


"Milly Brown is really a perfect

treasure. I can always depend upon her  
to make a thing go off well; she has such  
a faculty for conversing."

## A Precautionary Measure.

Bazar.  
"Looky here, Dinks!" growled the  
manager of a Missouri village opera  
house, addressing the proprietor of the  
"Greatest Double Uncle Tom's Cabin  
Company, which will visit your city this  
season, supporting two Little Evans, two  
Topsy's, two Uncle Toms, and twelve—  
count them—twelve genuine man-eating  
Siberian blood-hounds, and carrying its  
own realistic special scenery, and pre-  
sented a very funny after-piece at the  
conclusion of the drama." "Your show  
is all right enough in most particulars,  
but your Simon Legree is the worst I ever  
saw in my life, and I've seen hundreds  
of 'em—hanged if he ain't simply worthless!  
Why, blame it, he can't act a lick in the  
road, and he makes-up to look more like a  
harmless spring poon than the rippin',  
ramplin', murderous villain of the grand  
old historic dramma!"

"I know all about that," replied the  
showman. "But there is a reason for it.  
Tell you how it happens. We have been  
touring Oklahoma for quite a spell, and  
our first few Legrees were so strong and  
played the part so correctly that the audi-  
ences got carried away with their work,  
and forgetting that they were merely  
acting, shot 'em, one after another. A  
first-class Legree didn't last more than  
three or four towns at most, and it got to  
be both mighty inconvenient and expen-  
sive to be importing a new Legree every



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## Studio and Gallery

IN the Normal School, for the past year, has been on view quite a collection of paintings, the work of local artists. From this collection, we understand, are to be purchased by the Government pictures to the amount of \$800, to form the beginning of a Provincial Art Gallery. All paintings placed there have remained a year at least, after which those not sold are substituted by others by the same artists. To hear the promise of any kind of a gallery at all is most invigorating, and the effort will meet, we know, with very general appreciation. We take it for granted that those who do the selecting of these works of art which are to become the property of the country to convey to the coming centuries an idea of the art of Canada in 1898, are fully up to the requirements of qualified judges of paintings and that there will be no lumber preserved in this Canadian gallery. We assume that this \$800 yearly shall be spent with a sincere desire to obtain the greatest amount of good for the money, as all public money we suppose is always spent, with a full appreciation of the responsibility the spenders feel to the contributors. We also assume that only motives of purest devotion to the country, and appreciation of the value of art to it, sway the said purchasers, and neither for political ends nor for any favoritism to friends will any painting obtain a place on the walls of this permanent gallery, nor be deposited in any of our Governmental buildings as a reproach to our art. It is an easy, easy matter to gather together a collection of paintings. It requires only a little money. Intelligence need not balk very largely. But to perform the serious work of collecting a gallery of national art requires no little knowledge, discernment, and very much sincerity. For the sake of the future reputation of the purchasers also, it would be prudent to do wisely and well in this important act of purchasing art for a country. It will be interesting to our readers to know that there will be fresh

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**The HIGH GRADE ART STUDIO**  
114 King Street West

matter for their contemplation in the gallery at the Normal soon.

F. M. Bell-Smith intends remaining some time longer among the mountain scenery of the Rockies. To be seized with such subjects as present themselves out west to the artist nature, it is imperative that he give his subjects time to so permeate his being that they will, like Burns' words, come "scelpin'" down his brush.

W. Cutts is not very often to the front in art matters. Not that Mr. Cutts does nothing worthy of notice—not at all. But it is difficult to prevail upon him to tell us what he really does do. This much we know at present, however, through surreptitious means, that he is at present in Kingston painting a post-mortem portrait of Archbishop Cleary. The portrait is to hang in a college there.

Few subjects appeal so strongly to such a variety of emotions as do scenes of war. From the days of babyhood, with its tin drums and horns and mock parade, until the days of second babyhood, when the evil days come in which there is no other pleasure, man's interest in war is ever keen. Is it the remains of savagery in us or is it an inborn and divine appeal against thralldom in any form? Is it a love of power, or a fierce protest against wrong? Be it what it may, the scenes it creates are capable of kindling wildest enthusiasm, though agonizing from the standpoint of a humanitarian. But to the artist who views the panorama from the standpoint of art alone, what glorious subjects; what an opportunity for the display of liveliest talent; what room for giving his name to future generations! The present Spanish-American contest will surely yield a large harvest to art. We imagine every artist would long to be there, even though it might not be necessary to display the courage of Lauri, the German artist, at Plevna, who caught up an unexploded shell with the remark: "Here am I forty years of age and I have never seen this sort of thing before."

Pastel as a medium seems to be gaining in favor with our local artists. It has many advantages as well as a few disadvantages, but we feel sure its full capabilities have not yet by any means been exploited. The obtaining of final effects quickly, the feasibility of handling the pencils, certain velvety touches not possible to oil or water-color, and other merits make it an acceptable medium. But when it is rubbed, or when the wrong color is chosen, what a mess!

Mr. Owen P. Staples is experimenting in pastels, and at the next annual exhibition of the O.S.A., or perhaps sooner, at the Industrial Exhibition, we predict some very successful effort in this line from him.

A portrait of James Bain, Esq., Public Librarian, is soon to adorn the wall of the Canadian Institute. Mr. Bain has been for twelve years treasurer of this institution, and is now about to resign the position. The portrait is by T. M. Martin, R.C.A. A background of books in warm tones throws out the figure in its coat of cool gray into distinct relief. The tones of the background are repeated in the front of the picture in books in red and brown. The portrait is truthful in expression and quite vital.

The art display in connection with the closing exercises of Bloor Street College was very successful this year, a larger number of paintings than ever before being exhibited. The following pupils received diplomas: Miss Maud Davidson, drawing; Miss Luia Gibson, water-colors; Miss Maggie Dewar, drawing; Miss Florence Black, drawing; honorable mention, Misses Sarah Stewart, F. Mader-Helon, Edith Rowntree, Mildred Frowse and Caroline Davidson.

T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., intends leaving soon for Winnipeg, where he is going by the appointment of the O.S.A. to act as judge of the exhibition there. He expects to continue his trip further west and to make studies of mountain scenery specially. Mr. Martin has now in his studio, 28 Toronto street, a very nice collection of water-color scenes quite equal to, if not in advance of, any he has ever shown. We wish Mr. Martin *bon voyage*.

The Executive Council of the Ontario Society of Artists met this week for the purpose of selecting the paintings which are to replace those which have been in the Normal School during the past year. This is a guarantee that only the best shall appear there.

"I did not see it when I was there before," said an artist, referring to an object at which he had often looked, but which failed to impress its beauty upon him.

Ab, yes; that is our crime; we do not see. The flowers—what ravishing hues, what infinite variety of hues, what grace of structure, beauties we are often too busy or too superficial to see. The water—how everpout on canvas the limit of its beauties! The sky above us—who knows all its possibilities of variety, its movements of its clouds and their tender loveliness? And the solemn beauties of the night. All the manifestations of nature overflow with beauty. And to what purpose? For our pleasure and development, surely. We are enveloped in beauty always. Do we see it? Blind as the Jews of old when their Creator presented himself to them in the likeness of a man. They required a sign. May we not also look but fail to see these wonderful manifestations of a Deity and discover behind them the Person from whom they proceed? JEAN GRANT.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**  
For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething is the oldest and best female physician and nurse in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

## Drake, a Pirate.

Speaking of the Drake memorial at Plymouth recalls an amusing incident, says the London Outlook. Some time back a Spanish admiral was visiting Plymouth, and was being escorted around the sights of the place by the mayor and other dignitaries. The statues and sites of the Hoe were all duly expatiated upon—with one exception. "And what is that statue?" queried the Spanish admiral, pointing to the Drake monument. "Oh, that is nothing," replied the embarrassed mayor, "nothing of any account." "Indeed: may I see it?" persisted the visitor, and marched away to it. He gazed intently at the statue and the inscription. "Ah," he said, gazing full at the mayor, "so you raise statues to your pirates, do you?" The mayor was mute.

## Somewhat Fishy.

A tourist who had returned from a trip to Seattle and Tacoma was describing to his Eastern friends the glories of that region, its marvelous climate, and the rapid strides its people are making in the arts and sciences of civilization.

"I tell you," he said, "they are away ahead of you people here. Even the animals are more sprightly, and have more go-aheadativeness about them than the animals in this part of the country."

"I have heard," said a sarcastic listener, with a wink at the others, "that the fish out there can sing."

"Well, they do have a kind of Puget Sound about them," rejoined the traveler.

## Bank of Hamilton

The annual general meeting of the shareholders of the Bank of Hamilton was held on Monday in the board room of the head office.

There was a large attendance. On motion Mr. John Stuart was called to the chair and Mr. J. Turnbull was appointed secretary.

Mr. Stuart, the President, submitted the annual report, as follows: The Directors beg to submit their annual report to the shareholders for the year ended 31st May, 1898. The balance at credit of Profit and Loss Account, 30th May, 1897, was \$21,029.02. The profits for the year ended 31st May, 1898, after deducting charges of management and making provision for bad and doubtful debts, are \$181,833.39.

From which have been declared: Dividend 4 percent, paid 1st December, 1897, \$50,000.00. Dividend 4 percent, payable 1st June, 1898, \$50,000.00. Carried to Reserve Fund \$50,000.00. Written off Bank to Treasuries Account \$5,000.00. \$155,000.00.

Balance of Profit and Loss carried forward \$26,833.39.

The report for 1897 noted the beginning of the Bank's operations in the Province of Manitoba. The experience of the past year's business has encouraged the Directors to sanction a policy of gradual expansion and widening of the Bank's influence and connections in that country.

Manitoba and the whole Northwest appear to be entering on an era of great development, and your Directors consider the future prospects so inviting as to fully warrant the participation of this Bank in the beneficial results that appear to be so promising.

One of the best and most prominent positions in Winnipeg for a Banking office was secured, and the building is now being prepared for occupation. Three offices in the interior of Manitoba have been opened.

In Ontario agencies have been opened at Niagara Falls, Delhi and Southampton, whilst that at Alliston has been closed.

JOHN STUART, President.

Hamilton, 9th June, 1898.

## GENERAL STATEMENT.

LIABILITIES.

To the Public.

Notes of the bank in circulation \$1,187,573.00

Deposits bearing interest \$5,661,568.31

Deposits not bearing interest 1,931,434.92

Amount reserved for interest due depositors 68,351.21

Balance due to agents of the bank in Great Britain 103,160.51

Dividend No. 31, payable 1st June, 1898 \$50,000.00

Former dividends unpaid 202.96

\$9,117,310.94

To the Shareholders.

Capital Stock, paid up \$1,250,000.00

Reserve Fund 775,000.00

Amount Reserved for Rebate of Interest on Current Bills Discounted 30,000.00

Balance of Profits carried forward 26,833.39

\$2,081,833.39

\$11,199,144.33

ASSETS.

Gold and Silver Coin \$184,481.33

Dominion Government Notes 182,940.00

Deposit with the Dominion Government as security for Note Circulation 60,000.00

Notes of other Banks 233,038.44

Balance due from other Banks in Canada and United States 266,480.58

Canadian and British Government and other Public Securities 1,719,678.36

Loans at Call, or short Call, on negotiable Securities 706,236.31

Notes Discounted and Advances current 7,006,253.43

Notes Discounted and Advances (estimated loss provided for) 40,867.33

Bank Premises, Office Furniture, Safe, etc. 350,433.74

Real Estate (other than Bank Premises), Mortgages, etc. 1,018.79

Other Assets not included under foregoing heads 42,683.43

\$11,199,144.33

J. TURNBULL, Cashier.

Bank of Hamilton, Hamilton, May 31, 1898.

The adoption of the Report was moved by the President, seconded by Mr. A. T. Wood, M.P., and carried.

Mr. Wm. Hendrie and Mr. Samuel Barker moved the vote of thanks to the Directors, and Mr. F. W. Gates, seconded by Mr. F. W. Fearman, the customary acknowledgments of the Shareholders to the Staff.

Messrs. F. H. Lamb and Geo. E. Gates were appointed scrutineers, and reported the re-election of Messrs. John Stuart, A. G. Ramsay, John Proctor, Geo. Roach, A. T. Wood, M.P., A. B. Lee and Wm. Gibson, M.P., as Directors.

At a subsequent meeting of the Directors Mr. John Stuart was re-elected President and Mr. A. G. Ramsay Vice-President.

## Letter from Fred. Pick-Me-Up.



"On Monday night the gals all went to the town hall to raffle me. I'm the only chappe down here, and the gal who wins takes me out for the rest of the week."

## A Glorious Age in Which We Live.

We ought, more frequently, to cast our thoughts upon the marvelous achievements of the age in which we live. In the department of medicine alone there has been an advance all along the line, securing to mankind ever increasing exemption from pain and suffering.

Perhaps the discovery most important to that large class of sufferers known under the general designation of "Nervous"—those people all run down in nerve and muscular force—is embodied in the preparation known to doctors as "Maltine with Coca Wine."

A builder-up of nerve and muscular tissue is this—as of buoyancy and verve—not, indeed, by a fitful galvanizing that speedily exhausts itself, leaving the last condition even more deplorable than the first. No! Maltine with Coca Wine gives the needed impetus to the flagging power of body and mind; strengthens the digestive organs; improves the assimilative functions; and sustains the vital forces until, by the improved conditions it brings about, the equilibrium of functions is restored and health renewed. Maltine with Coca Wine is sold by all druggists.

Husband—That man you've invited here used to kiss you before we were married. Wife—So did you. But I've gotten over it, and he hasn't.—Life.

"I don't think they should marry, there is such a disparity between their ages." "Why, when was he born?" "On the same day she was."—Life.

Carlyle, in comparing Disraeli and Gladstone once, said: "The Jew has no conscience; the other is all conscience, but he can make his conscience declare what he wishes."

Mrs. Jones—George, I really must have some money for a new dress. Mr. Jones—Dresses are all going out of fashion. Mrs. Jones—What on earth do you mean? Mr. Jones—Well, I read in a fashion article that nothing but coral ornaments will be worn this season.

"I am afraid this growing craze for golf is going to have a marked influence upon our future politics," observed the deep thinker, after thinking thoughtfully for some moments. "When a man has won about five hundred silver cups in the course of a year, it is apt to make him an advocate of free coinage."—Bazar.

Miss Furbelov—Do you know young Mr. Middle Parting? Her Escort (with some little jealousy)—I do not, and I am afraid I have no great wish to. He seems to me a very silly young fellow. She (bridling up)—You are quite wrong. He has a splendid intellect. He can always tell when a hat is on straight.

"Were you able to sell old Billions a lot?" asked the superintendent of the cemetery. The agent shook his head. "He was afraid he might not get the full value of it," he explained. "But, hang it all, a man has got to die some time!" exclaimed the superintendent. "That's what I told him; but he only answered: 'Suppose I should be lost at sea!'"—Chicago Evening Post.

Jackson—Well, what did your wife say to you when you got home so late last night? You know your wife was afraid she'd scold. Fairleigh—My wife's a jewel. She didn't scold a bit. In fact, she didn't even ask me where I had been, or what had delayed me; but, late as it was, she sat down at the piano and began to play and sing. I tell you she's one in ten thousand. Jackson—What did she sing? Fairleigh—Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—Chicago Daily News.

## LABATT'S INDIA PALE ALE

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## SUBSTITUTION OF THE FRAUD OF THE DAY

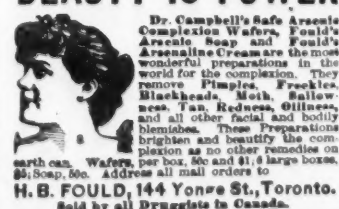
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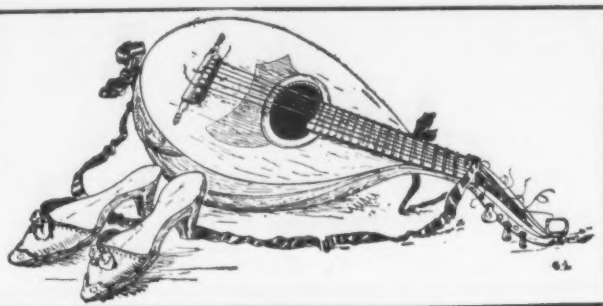
## The Wabash Railroad Company

With its superb and magnificent new train service, is acknowledged by all travelers to be the most perfect railway system in America. It now runs four trains daily each way between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City, passing through Niagara Falls, Welland, Simcoe, Tilsonburg, St. Thomas, Chatham and Detroit. The "CONTINENTAL LIMITED" is the most beautiful train ever seen in this country; all its cars have the new modern wide vestibule. All Wabash passenger trains have free reclining chair cars. Full particulars of this wonderful railroad from any R.R. Agent, or J. A. Richardson, District Passenger Agent, north-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto, and St. Thomas, Ont.

The well-bred man may be selfish, but never in little things.—Life.



## MUSIC



The good work which is being done in the musical department of Loretto Abbey, concerning which mention was made in this column last week in commenting on the recent examinations in music at that prosperous institution, was further emphasized on Wednesday and Thursday evening, June 22 and 23, in a graduating vocal recital on the first mentioned date by Miss Marian Chapin, and a graduating piano recital on the evening following by Miss Helen MacMahon. Miss Chapin, who possesses a contralto voice of remarkable richness and purity of tone, and whose studies for some years past have been directed along lines which have developed her vocal technique and musical culture to best advantage, sang a varied and exacting programme of songs such as were well calculated to severely test her vocal and musical attainments. St. Saens' *Printemps qui Commence*, *Buck's Fear* not Ye, O Israel, solos by McDowell, Nevin and Schumann, and a duet by Rubinstein, in which last number Miss Chapin had the assistance of Miss Annie Foy, were the soloists' contributions to a most enjoyable programme. The clever singing of Mr. Schuch's St. Cecilia Chorus, the piano playing of Miss Edith Mason, Miss Gwendoline Jones and Miss Rena De Van, whose very talented advanced pupils of Sister Marguerite, and the effective singing of Miss Maude McDonald and Miss Annie Foy, completed a programme which will long be remembered as one of the most attractive and successful ever given at the Abbey. The piano recital on Thursday evening gave Miss MacMahon an opportunity of demonstrating the thorough nature of the work accomplished by her during the past few years under Sister Marguerite's capable instruction. Bach's *Fugue No. 3*, Beethoven's *Waldstein* sonata, Liszt's *Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 2*, Mendelssohn's *G minor Concerto* and numbers by Henselt, Godard, Wieniawski, Benedit and Thalberg, made up a very strong and interesting programme, in which severe demands were made upon the technique and style of the performer. Miss Ruby Shea, the winner of this season's gold medal in singing, surprised the audience by the fine quality of her voice, her technique and her artistic conception of the numbers in which she sang. The Mendelssohn Concerto was accompanied by a string quintette under Mr. Klingenberg, who also played in his usual finished style the violin obligato to Miss Shea's solo. Miss Flanagan took part in a solo very effectively and the Cecilia Chorus contributed several numbers in excellent style. Taken all in all these admirable recitals were most creditable to the Abbey and all who took part in them.

The annual school children's concert which was given on Friday evening of last week in Massey Hall was, as usual, a thorough success. About one thousand well trained children, supported by the accompaniments of the Royal Grenadiers' band, rendered a programme which in many respects compared very favorably with the best given by the children in previous years. The attendance was not as large as has been customary with this interesting annual event, a fact which is to be regretted and which, I trust, is not to be interpreted as indicating a falling off in public interest regarding these concerts. Mr. Cringan's splendid work in our public schools has done so much to give an impetus to choral music in Toronto that the annual appearance of the children deserves the most hearty recognition at the hands of the community. The drill-instructor, Major Thompson, and the assistant conductor, Mr. A. P. Perrin, deserve mention for the valuable assistance rendered in the preparation of the programme for this occasion. The accompanist, Miss Mabel Bastedo, whose name, by the way, was not mentioned on the programme, although some of the School Board who were managing the concert were so fond of the sight of their own names that they appeared no less than four or five times on the leaflet containing the names of the musical selections, played the accompaniments with much skill and good judgment, and contributed in no small degree to the success of the concert. The choruses were, on the whole, sung with the snap and vim, and with the same regard for expression and enunciation, which have made these concerts so successful in past years. Besides the choruses a number of solos were rendered by the following pupils: Miss Edith McKay (Gladstone avenue school), Miss Susy Gilby (Morse street school), and Master Tony Langton (Givens street school). The fine Gerhard Heintzman grand piano used on this occasion was much admired for its beautiful tone and handsome appearance.

The Toronto Male Chorus Club is already making preparations for next season's work. Mr. W. H. Brouse, the energetic president of the society, in a circular letter recently addressed to the members of the Club, gives some extracts from a letter received from their conductor, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp, who returns to Toronto in about one month from Vienna, where he has been pursuing his musical studies for the past two years. Mr. Tripp's letter is of so much general interest that portions are reproduced here. He writes among other things: "I am looking forward with most pleasurable anticipations to once more taking up the baton as conductor of the Male Chorus Club in September, and as my health has been greatly benefited by my stay abroad, I hope to be able to do

more vigorous work than ever before. My stay in Vienna and the cordial reception always given me by the president, officers, members and conductor of the Wienermannergesangverein at their rehearsals has enabled me to observe the methods employed by them in carrying on one of the largest and most celebrated male choruses in the world. I have also been favored by other male choruses with invitations to attend their private concerts, and the work of some of them I have noticed was not equal to that of our own club in points of excellence. Now that the concert season is practically over I am doing but little else than practice, and am just now in correspondence with musical acquaintances in England and Wales, and as soon as I have gathered sufficient information relating to the best men's choruses there I shall leave Vienna and spend some weeks among them, and, if possible, attend the celebrated Eistedfod before returning to America. I will endeavor to examine the repertoires of the leading choruses in England and select such numbers from them as I think are suited to our chorus."

A Detroit correspondent claims that injustice has been done Mr. Gustin Wright of that city in an article which appeared in these columns several weeks since. The article in question, a reproduction of some comments in the *New York Musical Courier* by the Detroit correspondent of that paper, gave Mr. Wright considerable credit for talent and enterprise, but objected in sarcastic terms to his alleged abnormal self-assurance, etc. I am informed that the *Musical Courier's* correspondent was prompted by malice in penning the article quoted. Whatever may have been the motives which prompted the letter to the *Musical Courier*, the writer thereof made full admission of Mr. Wright's talents as a performer and of the great progress he has made as a pupil of Guilman. Mr. Wright has the ability and temperament to make his mark, and whilst a little fun may have been had at his expense at this stage in his youthful career, there can be no doubt that when he returns, with some of the corners rubbed off him, so to speak, he will take high rank among the leading American organists. His programmes are of the highest order, and the press notices he has already received in America and France prove him to be most seriously inclined and on the right track in his purpose to push to the front. He should not, however, be too sensitive of a little criticism, particularly when said criticism is not aimed at his musical qualifications. Even the great Wagner has his full share of it, and no less a personage than the illustrious Von Weber is said to have spoken of Beethoven most disrespectfully. Under these circumstances, why should the lesser luminaries in music feel so uncomfortable whenever a mild suggestion is made concerning some alleged vulnerable point in their armor?

The annual closing concert of the Metropolitan School of Music, Mr. W. O. Forsyth director, attracted a large and critical audience to West Association Hall on Tuesday evening last. The programme introduced the following pupils: Misses Ethel Mountain, May Tomlinson, A. M. L. Schubert, Mildred Pett, May Wookey, C. Wardman, M. Palmer, Florence Galbraith, M. M. Reid, Louise Nixon, Bertha Rogers, Gwendolyn Roberts, Millie Evison, Caroline Jones, Maggie Mitchell, and Messrs. O. B. Dorland, Walter H. Coles, G. R. Evans, C. Evans, and J. McK. Stinson. Miss Nellie H. Walmsley, an assistant teacher in the violin department of the institution, also appeared as soloist, playing Bolm's Cavatina with technical ease and much expressiveness. The teachers represented were: Mr. Peter C. Kennedy, Miss Amy R. Jaffray, Miss Abbie M. Helmer, Mr. J. M. Sherlock, Mr. Cecil C. Forsyth, Miss Roberta A. Welch, Miss Belle H. Noonan, Miss C. M. Tufford, Mr. August Andersen, and Mr. W. O. Forsyth, director. The names of many of the performers taking part have already become familiar to local music-lovers because of the undoubted artistic merit of their performances, and their work on this occasion was in keeping with their achievements at previous concerts. Mr. Forsyth and his associated teachers, as well as the directors and managers of the Metropolitan, are to be congratulated upon the results of the past season's work of the Metropolitan. The attendance has been largely in excess of the highest number recorded for any previous year, and the artistic results of the season's operations have proven in a most emphatic manner the high standards obtaining at the institution in its various departments.

The vocal recital given by Miss Mabel V.

Thomson, A.T.C.M., in the music hall of the Conservatory of Music was attended by a large and critical audience. Miss Thomson, who is a pupil of Mr. Tandy and who won the gold medal in the vocal department of the Conservatory of Music for 1897, sang with good taste and refinement of style a comprehensive list of standard songs, ballads, arias, etc., selected from the works of the most famous English and foreign composers. Her voice, though light in volume, is of sweet quality, and her style reflects credit upon her talent and the training she has received at the hands of her energetic instructor. Mr. Tandy assisted in a number of well-chosen and admirably contrasted solos, and was also heard in a duet with Miss Thomson. The vocalists had the assistance of the gifted violinist, Mr. Klingenberg, who played the first movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto and Wieniawski's *Airs Russes*. Mr. Klingenberg's brilliant technique, his artistic phrasing, and his sound musicianship were amply demonstrated in his thoroughly effective rendering of these difficult works. In common with the vocalists, he was enthusiastically applauded and several times recalled. The accompaniments to the songs, which were played by Miss Eva Bourne and Miss Alberta Murray, were not of uniform excellence.

Senor Gonzalo de J. Nunez, the Spanish pianist, gave a recital of piano music at the College of Music on Friday evening of last week in the presence of an audience representative of the musical culture of the city. His programme embraced Chopin's *Andante Spianate* and *Polska*, Liszt's *Hungarian Rhapsodie No. 12*, Chopin's *Nocturne in D flat*, Liszt's *Midsummer Night's Dream Fantasia*, a *Sonata* by the soloist, and an interesting group of smaller pieces also from his own pen. The playing of Senor Nunez may be summarized as technically brilliant and musical in a marked degree. Of his own compositions a *Mazurka* and *Two Cuban Dances* were perhaps the most attractive, the latter being most unique and cleverly conceived little movements suggested by the rhythms which are characteristic of native Cuban music. The good effect of the soloist's playing was considerably enhanced through the fine tone of the Gerhard Heintzman piano used on this occasion.

"I took out a living picture show once," said a theatrical manager, "and I had several queer experiences," writes the *Chicago Journal*. "We always had trouble getting suitable music, for one thing. I remember that we struck a certain town where the music was furnished by a seedy, freckle-faced young man, who officiated at one of those bangy-bang pianos. I asked him if he could think of music suitable to each picture as it was displayed. 'Oh, yes,' certainly he could, 'and do it impromptu.' The performance opened. He was seated at the piano, and he turned to look at the first picture. It was 'Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden.' He didn't hesitate an instant. Like a flash he turned and began pounding out, 'There's Only One Girl in This World for Me.'"

A prominent local musician of the gentler sex, who has not forgotten the fine work of the Banda Rossa, which played in this city last winter, requests me to agitate the bringing of the band to Toronto during the present summer. This band has recently been playing with marked success in the Lenox Lyceum, New York, and it is felt by many of its Toronto admirers that a second visit to this city would result in a warm welcome for the organization.

Miss Ruby E. Preston, who for the past two years has been studying the piano with such eminent masters as Siloti, Krause and Leschetizky, returns to the city at an early date. Miss Preston will join the staff of the Metropolitan School of Music on September 1. The vocal staff of the Metropolitan will be strengthened by the addition of Miss Stotesbury and Mr. Louis Sajoos to the faculty.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough, organist of All Saints' church, left for England on Monday last to be absent about two months. During his absence his pupil, Mr. R. L. Stiver, will substitute for him at All Saints' church. Mr. Fairclough resumes his classes at the College of Music in September.

Several names of organists who would be willing to fill engagements as substitutes for local organists during the months of July and August, have been received at this office.

On account of going to press a day earlier this week, considerable matter has been held over until next week. MODERATO.

## Books and Shop Talk.

In a volume of anecdotes, said to be the work of a Radical M.P., of which Messrs. Harper are the publishers, there are innumerable amusing anecdotes, among them the following about Mr. John Russell: "And surely the whole literary profession, of which the present writer is a feeble unit, must cherish a sentiment of grateful respect to the memory of a man who, in refusing the dedication of a song, informed Mrs. Norton that he had been obliged to make a rule of refusing dedica-

tions, 'because, in his situation as Chancellor of the University of Oxford, he had been much exposed to authors.'"

The cause of Australian federation is progressing rapidly, yet there continues some opposition to it. An excellent cartoon appeared recently in the *Sydney Bulletin*, representing a boy standing on a railway track defying an oncoming express, and underneath it the lines:

The boy stood on the railway track;  
He heard the whistle squeal—  
The second half of the picture shows the train at a standstill and the engineer engaged with a knife scraping the wheels, and underneath:

We have received a copy of the Parry Sound Directory, published by the *North Star*, Parry Sound. It is an extremely enterprising work and does justice to the bustling coming city of the North Shore, containing not only a directory of names, but portraits of the leading men of the town, pictures of the public buildings and pretty views and useful information for tourists.

## A Developed Negative.

San Francisco Town Talk.  
"I WILL take you," she said, as she planted the tripod at the proper distance.  
"For better or worse," he returned. "They always say that, and it is usually worse."

"Please don't try to be witty, you will spoil the negative."  
"A lively prologue to a dull play," he quoted. "When will you stop playing with my feelings and give me an answer?"  
"When I develop the negative."

He had met all kinds of summer girls but this one was a puzzler. She was of the season's early editions and in June was in battle array, with a kodak as her chief weapon. She was charged with the military spirit, the essence of war pervading even her hat pins, decorated wherever possible with army buttons. Red, white and blue were her favorite color combinations, and as her eyes were blue, her hair pale gold and her cheeks blooming with a beautiful red, the color combination was amazingly effective. He thought he had never met such a fascinating summer girl. But such an enigma!

"Don't let's play at love any longer," she said, "let us be good friends."  
"I can't be friends," was his answer, "when you so continually scrap with me. From all I can learn of your sex, if a man goes to war she swears she will love him forever, yet will go and marry the other fellow in less than a year. While if he doesn't go to war, she will negative him because he is a coward."

"You'll never get a negative, anyhow, if you move around like that. If you keep still I will give you such a picture as will make Adonis turn in his grave and give Apollo Belvedere cause for jealousy."

All through the day he posed for the captivating creature and she only stopped because her supply of plates ran out. The weeks flew by and the summer was over and both returned to town. Not an impression had he apparently made upon her flinty heart, yet his own was lacerated to a point he had never conceived possible.

"Come and see the proofs," she said, as she shook hands with him preparatory to boarding her car, "they will be ready in a day or so."

So, pursuant to her desire, he called one evening to note the developments of that summer day's work. She was as fascinating as ever, yet distinctly cool. And when the proofs were mentioned:

"I'm awfully sorry," she said, "but the fact is I forgot to put the film in the kodak."

## Saint Norah and the Potato.

The Youth's Companion.  
Saint Norah was a poor girl, says the *London Punch*, who prayed Saint Patrick for a good gift that would make her not proud but useful; and Saint Patrick, out of his own head, taught her how to boil a potato. A sad thing and to be lamented, that the secret has come down to so few.

A mistaken belief prevails that all women have an instinctive knowledge of household affairs, which enables them without further cultivation to select proper cuts of beef and mix right proportions for cooking; although the very fact that a young man shows a taste for medicine only subjects him to long training. Since the highest intellectual and physical life is dependent upon diet—since the cook makes, while the physician only mends—should not she who prepares our pies be as carefully trained as he who makes our pills?

Certainly whatever may be the knowledge or the ignorance of the servant in the kitchen, the mistress of the house, be she young or old, ought to be able, like Saint Patrick in the fable, out of her own instructed head, to teach Norah how to boil a potato or broil a steak so that they may yield their utmost of relish and nutriment. Until she can do that, no woman is qualified to preside over a household, and since few reach adult life without being called to that position in the household of husband, father or brother, the legend of Saint Norah has a wide significance.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Macdonald and their family left for Kagowong, Manitoulin Island, this week, to spend the summer, as usual, in that delightful locality.

Miss Madeline Gooderham gave a lawn tea on Monday afternoon to a number of her young friends.

Mrs. Reginald Carter and her little family are on a visit to Mrs. Carter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Pearson, Sherbourne street.

Mr. Cameron Nelles Wilson, a very popular Trinity student, is with his relatives in Brantford. Mr. Lucas, his *fidus Achates*, is at home in Hamilton.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy and Miss Gladys left by the boat on Tuesday afternoon for a visit to relatives in Niagara.

The floral decorations at the Church of the Redeemer for last Saturday's wedding were very tastefully arranged, the pulpit and reading-desk being almost covered with splendid big daisies, and the chancel being a scene of great beauty with greenery and white flowers.

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**Hotel Chautauqua**  
and Lakeside  
**NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE**  
The hotel is now open for the reception of guests.  
Bus to and from all trains and boats.  
J. TARKER, Niagara-on-the-Lake, Ont.

**A Summer Rest**  
Will do you and your family good. You'll be happy here, where we have everything for human comfort. Pure air, pure water, pure food. Fresh milk, fruit and vegetables, produced on the farm owned by the proprietor. Liberal table. Fishing, boating and bathing. For terms apply to  
**M. WOODS,**  
Woodington House, Lake Rosseau, Muskoka

**The Penetanguishene**  
PENETANG, ONT.  
**CANADA'S GREAT SUMMER HOTEL**  
The only Modern Hotel in the Muskoka District  
Electric lighted. Every convenience. Fine tennis court and bowling green. Fishing and boating unexcelled. Cuisine first-class. Social hops and concerts, etc. Rates moderate.  
PATTERSON & PAISLEY, Proprietors.  
New Royal Hotel, Hamilton, Ont.

**Peninsular Park Hotel**  
BIG BAY POINT, LAKE SIMCOE  
The hotel, under the personal supervision of Mr. Albert Williams, the celebrated caterer of the "Hub," Toronto, is now open for the reception of guests.  
Our own boats meet all trains at Barrie.  
Rates—\$2.00 per day; \$8.00 to \$12.00 per week. Special rates to families.  
M. McCONNELL, 46 Colborne Street, Toronto.  
ALBERT WILLIAMS, Manager.

**HANLAN'S POINT**  
Sunday, July 3rd  
**Sacred Concerts**  
FREE  
13th BATTALION BAND of Hamilton  
Afternoon at 3. Evening at 8.

**The Maplehurst**  
SUMMER HOTEL  
LAKE ROSSEAU, ONT., CANADA  
Now Open and Ready for Guests  
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS IN ALL AP-  
POINTMENTS  
MRS. J. P. BROWN, Proprietor

**Where to Spend My Vacation . . .**  
To have a Pleasant Outing Amusements Good Accommodation  
**THE MONTEITH HOUSE**  
ROSSEAU, MUSKOKA  
THE RETREAT  
MISS J. E. HOLTON, Proprietress  
P. O. Address, Rosseau, Muskoka  
Terms on application.

**South Beach Park**  
A quiet summer resort on Clear Lake, Five Miles from Lakeside, Peterboro  
Good bathing, boating and fishing. Fine sandy beach and pleasant woods. Fifteen minutes from church and postoffice. Train and steamer connection. Apply MISS ROBERTS, Young's Point P. O., Ont.

**MILFORD BAY HOUSE**  
This famous family resort is situated on Milford Bay, Lake Muskoka. Has accommodation for eighty guests. Daily mail. Post Office on premises. Terms, \$7 per week; \$1.25 per day. Special rates for families. Telegraph office in the building.  
E. STROUD, Proprietor.

**Barnesdale House,** LAKE JOSEPH, MUSKOKA  
Good accommodation for fifty guests. Only a short distance from Six Mile and Holehog Lakes. Good roads to Crane and Blackstone. Safe bathing for ladies and children. Post office on the premises. Rates, \$1.00 per day. Special rates for families. Address—JOHN J. BARNES, Gordon Bay P. O., Lake Joseph, Muskoka.

For One Month

To further introduce our painless system of crowning, we will, for ONE MONTH ONLY, place all of our crowns, both gold (22k and 24k fine) and porcelain, at the extremely low price of \$4 per crown.

This is a great opportunity to obtain the highest grade of dentistry at a very low cost.

We have the largest and best equipped offices in Canada. Expert operators

**H. A. GALLOWAY,**  
SURGEON DENTIST  
N. E. Cor. Yonge and Queen  
Entrance 24 Queen East Toronto  
Bring this ad. with you.

IMPORTANT FOR SPECTACLE WEARERS

Remember that it is just as important to have correctly fitting frames as correctly ground lenses. When adjusting Spectacles our Optician always makes sure that the frames fit the face perfectly. He is an expert. Consultation free.

**SGHEUER'S**  
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL JEWELLERS  
150 YONGE ST.



TRADE MARK (Registered)  
**PURE SPRING WATER**  
Only is used in the manufacture of  
**Ginger Ale**  
**Wilson's** Ginger Beer  
**Soda Water**  
etc.: put up in quarts, pints, half-pints, and siphons. Phone your order to No. 3604.  
Office and works, 317-319 Sherbourne Street.

**ICE**  
5 CENTS PER DAY for 10 lbs. pure Lake Simcoe Ice—1 cent extra for each additional lb.  
We handle Lake Simcoe Ice ONLY, our entire stock being cut and stored at Belle Ewart, Lake Simcoe. At this point the water is known to be absolutely pure. Order now from the  
**BELLE EWART ICE CO.**  
Office: 18 Melinda Street. Phones 1947-2933.  
Look for the Yellow Wagons.

**Tom from Green's**  
Trycophena treatments for the head and hair as given exclusively here will stop hair falling out in  
**FOUR DAYS**  
We examine heads and hair free of charge. We make Wigs, Ladies' Fronts, Switches, and all kinds of hair work to order.  
**TOM FROM GREEN'S**  
349 Yonge Street - opposite Elm Street

**Any Engravings Published**  
In TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT are for sale or rent at low rates. Apply  
**THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited)**  
Toronto.

**BICYCLE**  
Lady's or Gentleman's  
'98 Pattern—New—For Sale Cheap  
**ROOM 9, SATURDAY NIGHT Building.**

**OFFICE TO LET**  
IN  
"Saturday Night" Building  
Suitable for any business or profession. Apply to Secretary-Treasurer.  
**THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (Limited).**

**SHERMAN E. TOWNSEND**  
Public Accountant and Auditor  
Traders' Bank Chambers, Toronto.  
Phone 1841

BUY  
**Coleman's Salt**  
THE BEST

Every package guaranteed. The 5 lb. carton of Table Salt is the neatest package on the market. For sale by all first-class grocers.



The  
**Potter's Wheel**  
in  
Various Lands



This CHARACTERISTIC VASE is another specimen of national development in the Potter's Art. These beautiful goods are made in Austria. They are from 10 to 24 inches in height.  
Classic shapes, perfection in finish, exquisite shading and decorating—and moderation in cost—are making these bits of art work popular in all lands.

For more than a quarter of a century our buyers have annually visited the pottery centers of Europe.  
We buy direct from the makers. THE CANADIAN TRADE ALWAYS FINDS US LEADERS IN NOVELTIES IN OUR LINES.

THE LARGEST WHOLESALE STOCK IN CANADA

**McMAHON, BROADFIELD & CO.**

Importers  
CHINA AND GLASSWARE  
Toronto, 36 Front Street West



The **"WELLAND VALES"**  
ARE WORTHY OF EVERY HONOR

**WELLAND VALE MFG. CO., Limited**

Toronto Store: 147-9 YONGE ST. ST. CATHARINES, Ont.



## Correct Piano Tuning...

There should be no such thing as half-work in piano tuning. A piano is not tuned unless it is wholly tuned—scientifically and exactly. Only tuners who are experts are kept on our staff, and they are at your service whenever wanted.

**HEINTZMAN & CO.**  
117 King St. West  
TORONTO

## ONE-THIRD OF YOUR LIFE

is spent on a wire bed-spring. Why not have the best? The celebrated **Hercules Wire Beds** are more resilient, comfortable and twenty times as strong as any other make and about as cheap. Sold by most reliable dealers all over Canada and United States.

We are prepared to back up the statement that no other bed can possibly be made as good, even at double the price. Patented.

**GOLD MEDAL FURNITURE MFG. CO.**

## Social and Personal.

The Monday evening dance at the Island Club House was most enjoyable, being attended by a very large party from the city and also a number of Islanders. The red and green lanterns gleamed from the upper balcony, the strains of the harp, flute and violin floated through the night air, and the place resounded with merry laughter when the Mammoth Lancers was in full swing. The dancers were in all the attractiveness of summer garb—pinks, ducks and muslins in great plenty, the favorite contrast of pure white gown and scarlet belt and tie being most popular. A couple of pretty rose silk blouses, with white skirts, and some very dainty organdies were worn most becomingly by certain belles. Miss Mabel Lee wore a pretty white canvas gown and over yellow. Miss Annie Michie was very trimly gowned in pink muslin and white duck. Miss Aileen Gooderham wore a quaint brown and white summer silk. Miss Evelyn Cox wore white, and Miss Harriet Leverich's rose-pink blouse was very becoming. Mr. George Stinson had a pretty dinner party, including Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, Miss Seymour, Miss Elmsley and Mr. Nordheimer; others who dined at the club on Monday numbered just short of the half-hundred and reinforced the dancing contingent who came later. Mr. and Miss Evelyn Cox and Miss Leverich, Mr. George and Mrs. Carruthers and Miss King, Miss Hamilton and her guest, Miss Murphy; Mr. Playter, the Misses Monahan and Miss O'Donoghue of Kingston; Mr. V. and the Misses Hughes; Mr. Tom Plummer, Mr. and Miss Marion Barker, Miss Macbeth, Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Inez Mitchell, Mr. Boyd Magee, Mr. and Miss Cowan, Mr. Counsell, Mrs. Cowan, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coulthard, Miss Amy Seton Thompson, Mr. Hood, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Craig, Mr. Douglas, the Misses Phillips, Mr. and Miss Eby, Miss Helen Strange, Miss Wornum, Mr. Sydney Small, Mr. and Miss Bertha Macdougall, the Misses White, Mr. and Mrs. George Warwick, Mr. Emilias Jarvis, Mr. Charles De Lisle and Mr. Alec Creelman were among the guests.

The following guests are registered at the Peninsular Park Hotel, Lake Simcoe: Mr. and Mrs. R. Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Mason, the Misses Dack, Miss G. A. M. Allen, of Toronto; Miss R. Shea of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Lowman and family of Cincinnati, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. Craig, Miss Craig, and Mr. Walter Craig, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Mr. E. C. Southey of Bowmanville; Ald. John Bowman and family, Mr. J. W. Siddall and family, Mr. D. L. McAlinsh and family of Toronto.

On Wednesday Rev. Francis Rohleder of the Palace, Church street, held his jubilee ceremonies and banquet, being twenty-five years ordained.

On July 6 Dean Egan of Barrie will hold his jubilee ceremonies and will also have a banquet, for which the catering will be done from Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Norman R. Doward have returned from their bridal trip and are staying at Hanlan's Point.

Scene—A Jarvis street parlor. "Oh, we were so afraid we should miss the Hia-watha at half-past eight that we took dinner in our hats." Awe-struck infant, listening: "Soup, Auntie! Didn't it leak out through the straw?"

Captain John Denison, R.N., and Mrs. Denison and their two daughters are visiting at Rusholme en route from England to Muskoka. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Delamere are in Muskoka, where Miss Eva and Master Tom Delamere, children of Colonel Delamere, are with them. Cadet Garnet Denison has come out head of the Kingston Military College, and Mr. Oliver Denison of Heydon Villa has been gazetted to a commission in the 100th Regiment, now stationed in India.

Miss Rolph of Rosedale, accompanied by Miss Ethel Adam of Akron, Ohio, spent Sunday with friends in Bowmanville.

Mrs. FitzGerald and her daughter, Miss Anna, are en pension at Mrs. Thorne's, Bloor street east, until next week, when



## Your Summer Vacation

Will be the more enjoyable if you use...

## A Suit Case..

The Julian Sale  
Leather Goods Co. Limited  
MAKERS OF  
Fine Traveling and Leather Goods  
105 King St. West

## They Can Not Leak

SCREWED NIPPLE CONNECTIONS



## No Bolts Rods or Packing

THE ONLY SAFE WAY

Judge them in the only fair way—their constant upward progress for eleven years past. Made by the largest Radiator Manufacturers under the British Flag—hence, faultless in construction. Handsome—durable—unique in the quick, free, perfect circulation they yield—one minute does it. Absolutely tight at every connection—screw nipples. They can't burst, because the openings are of generous size. Agencies at Montreal, Quebec, St. John, N. B., Winnipeg, Vancouver, Auckland, N. Z., London, Eng.

## The Safford Radiators

SOLE MANUFACTURERS:

The TORONTO RADIATOR MANUFACTURING CO., Limited  
TORONTO, Ont.

Summer is delightful when one is provided with a

## Gendron Bicycle

with Buckeye Tires

they hope to go to Preston Springs for an indefinite stay prior to returning to their native land.

Mrs. Bunting of St. Patrick street has her son from Buffalo visiting her.

Mr. Muir of the Ontario Bank has been out of town on his summer vacation.

## A Good Bank Statement.

The report of the Bank of Hamilton's business, which appears elsewhere, reveals a financial standing which must be a source of gratification to the management and shareholders of the bank, as well as a guarantee to the business public of the permanence and value of the bank's operations. Semi-annual dividends have been paid and an equal amount carried to reserve. That this institution, too, should find necessary the opening of new agencies in this province, as well as the extension of business to the Province of Manitoba, speaks volumes for its influence when its well known conservative policy in the past is recalled. And it all indicates that the country is sharing in the advance.

## A "Skeleton" for Comfort.

One of the most acceptable innovations in correct Summer Suit styles for gentlemen will be the soft roll sack suit. The prevailing materials for its make up is a homespun coat and trousers and a fancy vesting. The fancy vesting is not compulsory, for those who prefer so may have vest of same material as rest of the suit. The coat is skeleton and half shaped; shoulders moderately wide. The pockets are patched on and closed with a button. The vest is double-breasted. The trousers incline to the peg-top, are moderately full at the hips and narrow at bottoms; cord welted side seams. Henry A. Taylor, draper, the Rossin Block, keeps this particular style to emphasize the summer suit fact and that gentlemen of good taste and demanding almost as much style in their negligee or outing garments as for more dressy occasions. Mr. T. carries a splendid range of fine imported summer suit materials.

Little boy—Mr. Blake, won't you bend some for me! Mr. Blake—I can't my boy. Little boy—Aren't you a contortionist? Mr. Blake—No, child; whatever gave you

that idea! Little boy—Sis said that every time you opened your mouth you put your foot in it.—Hartem Life.



**SEALED TENDERS** addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until Friday, 2nd July. Specifications can be seen and form of tender obtained, on and after Friday, 24th June, at this office, where all necessary information can be had on application. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted bank cheque equal to ten per cent of amount of the tender (40 p. c.) made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, which will be forfeited if the party declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department will not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender. By order, E. E. E. ROY, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 2nd June, 1898. Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

## UGH!

That's nice!



**Tetley's**  
ELEPHANT BRAND  
Teas

## From India and Ceylon

**Tetley's Elephant Brand** Packets, filled with pure good tea, and sold in 1/2 and 1 lb. packets, at 40c., 50c., 60c., 70c. and \$1.00 per lb., are certainly

## Best of Tea Value

no matter which grade is purchased.

**"Tetley's" TEAS**  
ELEPHANT BRAND

## Preserving Baking Ironing!

Think of all the hot work ahead. Better buy a Summer Stove.



## QUICKMEAL BLUE FLAME OIL or GAS RANGES

Will give you the very best economical satisfaction. You'll be money in pocket at the end of the season if you buy one.

Call and see them in operation at 183 Yonge Street, opposite Eaton's. You'll find different sizes and styles and prices to suit your needs and your purse. They're the popular summer stoves of Canada—every one guaranteed.

The GURVEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto

For sale by...  
GEORGE HOOPER, 1366 Queen West  
A. WELCH, 362 Queen West  
HALLAM FURNACE CO., 212 Queen W.  
JAMES WESTWOOD, 433 Queen West  
JOHN GIBBS, 721 Queen East  
F. G. WASHINGTON, 785 Queen East  
TORONTO FURNACE CO., 14 Queen E.  
WHEELER & BAIN, 179 King East  
HARKLEY BROS., 131 Spadina Ave.  
C. WATKINSON, 367 Parliament St.  
J. H. WARRICK, 238 Wellesley St.

W. H. SPARROW, 87 Yonge Street  
GIBSON & THOMPSON, 43 Yonge St.  
J. S. HALL, 1967 Yonge Street  
GEORGE BOXALL, 233 Yonge Street  
JOHN ADARE, 828 Bathurst Street  
E. W. CHARD, 324 College Street  
FIDDES & HOGARTH, 30 Jarvis St.  
FRED. ARISTOTON, 277 Queen W.  
R. FLETCHER, 142 and 144 Dundas St.  
T. E. HOAR, Toronto Junction  
J. F. ROSS, 329 Queen West  
And leading dealers everywhere.

## PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

## Issue of Forty-Year Annuities.

Sealed tenders for the purchase of terminable annuities running for a period of 40 years, issued under authority of an act of the Ontario Parliament, 47 Vic., chapter 31, will be received by the undersigned at his office, Parliament Buildings, Toronto, on or before 14th day of July next, at 2.30 p.m., when the tenders will be opened in the presence of such of the applicants, or their agents, as may attend. The annuities will be in the form of certificates signed by the Provincial Treasurer, in which certificates the Provincial Treasurer will agree to make half-yearly payments at his office at Toronto, or in London, England, of sums of \$100, or larger sums, or their equivalent in sterling at the par of exchange (26 1/2 s. 11d.), on the 30th day of June, and 31st day of December in each year, for forty years from 30th day of June instant, the first half-yearly certificates being payable on the 31st December next. The total amount of annuities to be issued in 1898 is \$5,700 annually, but tenders will be received for any part of the same not less than \$200 annually. Tenders may, if preferred, be upon condition that the annuities be payable in sterling in London, Eng. In such case the conversion will be at the par of exchange, \$1 3/4 s. to the pound sterling. Tenders will be required to state the purchase money which will be paid for either the whole annuities offered or such portions as may be tendered for. Notification of allotments will be given to tenderers on or before 20th July and payments from the persons whose tenders are accepted must be made within ten days thereafter at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, but if, from any cause, the purchase money is not paid by the 1st day of August next, purchasers who have not then paid will be required to pay interest on their purchase money from that date to date of payment at the rate of interest which the investment will yield, according to their respective tenders. The annuity certificates will be delivered at the office of the Provincial Treasurer in Toronto, where, if desired, they may be specially registered. The Provincial Treasurer reserves the right to determine what tender is most advantageous to the Province, but no tender will necessarily be accepted. Tenders should be on the accompanying form. Envelopes containing tenders should be endorsed, "Tender for Province of Ontario Annuities." Further information may be obtained on application to the Provincial Treasurer, R. H. B. OULT, Provincial Treasurer, Toronto, 2nd June, 1898.

NOTE—Illustration of calculation on interest basis—At the rate of 3 per cent, per annum or in strictness, if you can, half-yearly a present payment of \$2,326.36 would represent an annuity of \$100 for 40 years, \$50 payable each half-year.

**J. YOUNG**  
(ALEX. MILLARD)  
The Leading Undertaker and Embalmer  
359 Yonge St. TELEPHONE 679

## The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.

**Births.**  
DARNLEY—June 17, Mrs. W. Darnley—a daughter.  
ANDERSON—June 26, Mrs. Alex. S. Anderson—a son.  
HUESTIS—June 25, Mrs. A. Edward Huestis—a son.  
KELLY—June 25, Mrs. J. D. Kelly—a son.  
BOYTHREE—June 25, Mrs. Alfred Boythrice—a son.  
DAVIDSON—June 12, Mrs. J. Wilson Davidson—a son.  
HARRISON—June 22, Mrs. C. B. Harrison—a son.

Savage—June 21, Mrs. C. Savage—a daughter.

## Marriages.

DENISON—KEAN—June 28, Hugh Denison to Ellen Kean.  
McINTOSH—McLEOD—June 15, Robert L. McIntosh to Amy D. McLeod.  
RANSOM—JUNG—June 27, Richard Morgan Ransom to Mary Groves Jung.  
MORDON—McFARLAND—June 22, Manly Benson Mordon to Mary A. E. McFarland.  
HOLLINGSHEAD—SNODDEN—June 25, Herbert C. Hollingshead to Georgina Snodden.  
WHITE—MACANN—June 22, Ronald Fraser White to Anna Coates Macann.  
COOPER—BRODIE—June 25, Duncan D'Esterre Cooper to Minnie Lumsden Brodie.  
CAMPHILL—COATES—June 25, Frederick J. Campbell to Kathleen Coates.  
FORD—OSLER—June 22, George T. Ford to Mabel Louise Osler.  
MOORE—BENTHAM—June 23, William Henry Moore to Christine Mabel Bertram.  
FORSEYTH—DAVIS—Cayuga, June 22, Gordon Paterson Forsyth to Kathleen Davis.  
NURSE—UNDERWOOD—June 23, Frederick A. Nurse, B.A., to Nettie May Underwood.  
ROBINSON—TILLEY—June 25, Edgar Robinson to Emmeline Tilley.

## Deaths.

MACDOUGALL—June 27, Jean Ann Macdougall.  
ROYD—June 22, Gardiner Royd.  
TINNING—June 24, Catherine Mary Tinning.  
HAYE—June 24, Minerva Thorp Haye.  
BUTLER—June 27, Patrick Butler, aged 87.

## CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Where May I Spend a... Delightful Vacation?

Is a question easily decided by referring to "SUMMER TOURS," a publication in four editions, issued by the Canadian Pacific Railway.

NO. 1.—"Quebec, Maritime Provinces, White Mountains and Atlantic Sea Coast."  
NO. 2.—"Holiday Resorts of Ontario, Niagara, River St. Lawrence, Ottawa and Montreal."  
NO. 3.—"The Upper Lakes."  
NO. 4.—"Across the Continent to Banff, Glacier, Kootenay and Pacific Coast."

Any edition you desire, also a copy of Fishing and Shooting, will be cheerfully given on application to any Canadian Pacific agent, or to C. E. McPHERSON, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 1 King Street East, Toronto.

## GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

## Montreal Express

Leaves Toronto (Union Station) daily at 9 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.; 9 a.m. has through Pullmans Chicago to Boston, also through Pullmans Chicago to Portland. These trains stop at principal intermediate stations. Luxurious Pullman cars are on the 9.30 a.m. train for Montreal, which are highly appreciated by the traveling public. Experienced officials, quick time and arrival in Montreal at 7.30 a.m. ensure every comfort to the travelers. Tickets and all information at 1 King Street West, corner Yonge Street, Union Station Ticket Office, or from M. C. DICKSON, D.P.A., Union Station, Toronto.